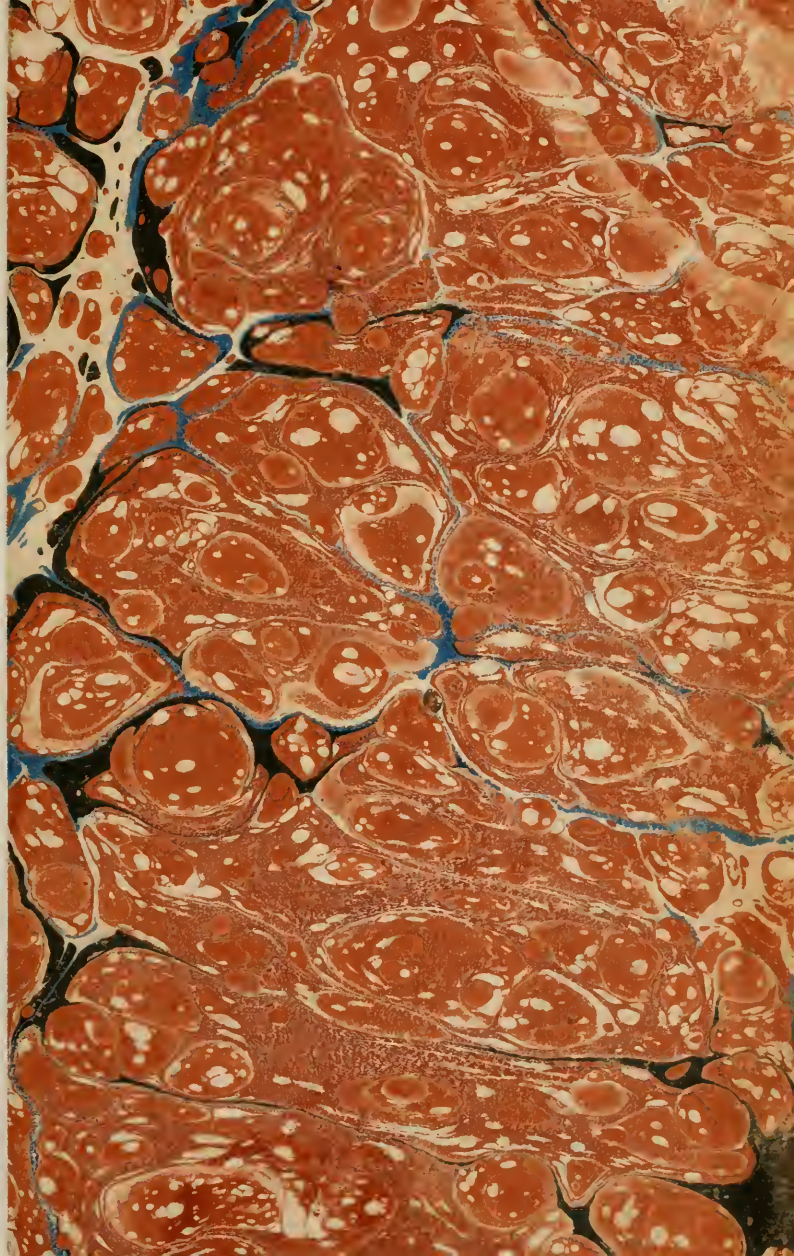




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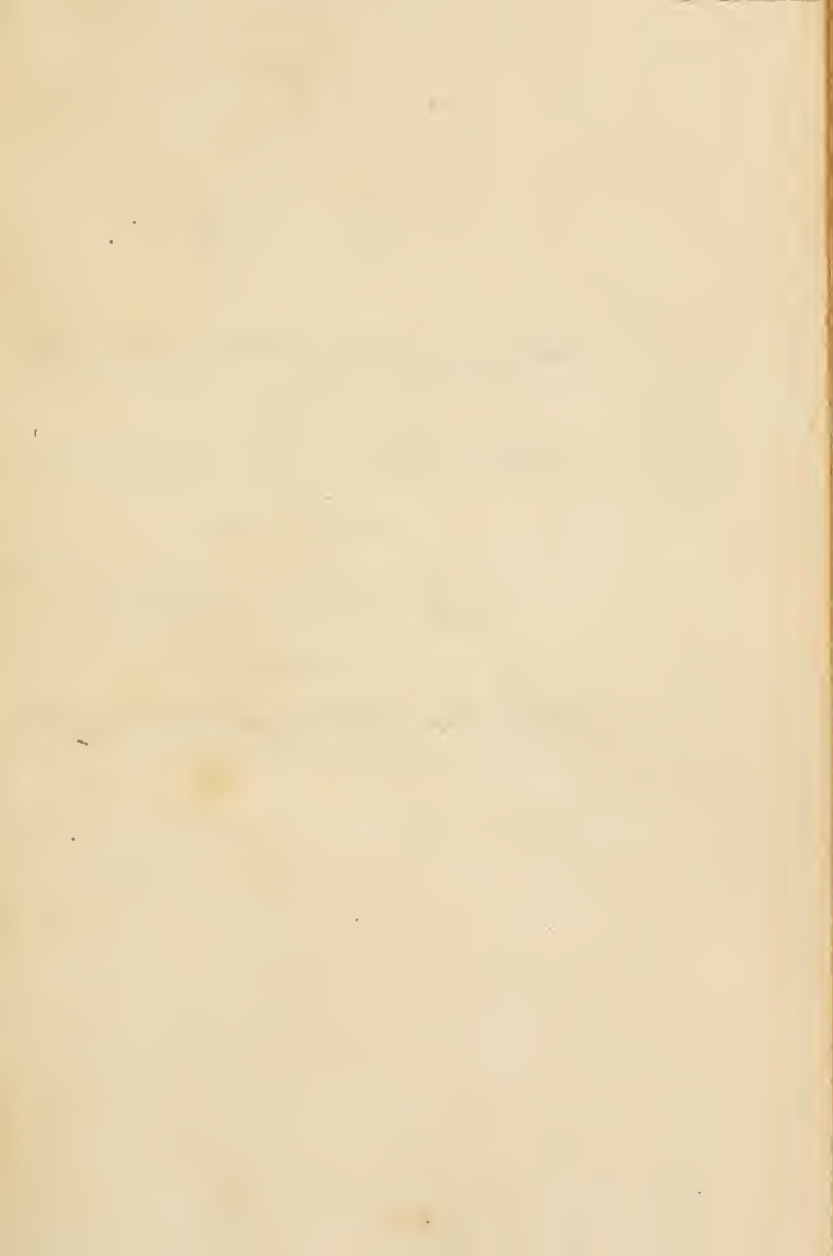
*Philip Ducarel.*





[22 by Thomas Lawrence]







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SELECT  
MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTIONS,  
OF  
M<sup>RS</sup>. DAY,  
AND  
THOMAS DAY, Esq.  
&c. &c.

---





SELECT  
MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTIONS,

OF

MRS. DAY,

AND

THOMAS DAY, Esq.

IN

Verse and Prose :

ALSO,

*SOME DETACHED PIECES OF POETRY,*

BY

THOMAS LOWNDES, ESQ.

Consisting of the first 52 Pages.

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“TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.”

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PUBLISHED, MARCH, 1805.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. JONES, CHAPEL-STREET, SOHO.

AND

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STRAND.

**GIFT**



D-275  
1805

TO THE  
FAIR FEMALES OF THE BRITISH  
ISLES.

*LADIES,*

I HAVE taken the liberty of  
dedicating to you the following humble  
publication, by which it is intended to  
shew, there is not so great an inequality  
between the understandings of men and  
women, as some have imagined; and that  
if the same pains were taken with girls  
as with boys, to instruct them in their  
mother

mother tongue, your style would perhaps be superior to our's.

For, probably, owing to a quicker flow of animal spirits, you are naturally eloquent, and writing is only expressing our thoughts with the pen.

But as words are only the vehicles of ideas, mere volubility is of little use without knowledge, and knowledge is to be attained only by study, and observation.

When such a habit is acquired too, in early life, it gives the mind a literary bias, which it never loses, and furnishes a solitary residence in the country, with resources inexhaustible.

Botany, drawing, music, and the belles-lettres, with your usual domestic amusements, would then leave scarce a moment

ment unemployed, whilst ennui, and vapours, the common attendants of a vacant mind, would be expelled from those unfurnished fair mansions, they have so long tenanted.

I have the honor to be, with the most profound respect,

LADIES,

your very sincere friend,

and admirer,

THE EDITOR.





## PREFACE.



THE subsequent Publication, which the Editor respectfully presents to his particular Friends and Acquaintance, is not meant to transmit to posterity, the literary talents of any of the Writers, even if the intrinsic merit of some of the Pieces in Prose or Verse could justly lay claim to future approbation ; but is intended to do that which a common hand writing, and the single merit of each Piece could not have done, to preserve some scattered miscellaneous productions from oblivion, by printing them all together.

At

At first the Editor meant only to collect an unfading wreath to encircle the sacred shrine of Friendship, and occasionally remind him of the many delightful months he had past in a social intercourse with two worthy literary friends; but the earnest solicitations of all Mr. and Mrs. Day's acquaintance, who heard of the collection, at last induced him to relinquish his original design, by printing off many more copies than he intended.

If the Editor's frequent satirical allusions to a savage Usurper, at this awful period, the terrible scourge of *degraded* Europe, should offend the *refined* sensibility of any of his *hireling* partizans, (for volunteer advocates he cannot have, unless such as are besotted, or in their dotage) to those *respectable* admirers and *impartial* judges of the Tyrant, if common  
sense



sense is not thrown away upon them, the Editor begs leave to observe, that in the same proportion as he feels the honest and natural impulse of love and reverence for characters uncommonly virtuous, like Mr. and Mrs. Day's, he must of course feel detestation and abhorrence for an hypocritical knave, as different from them, as the angel of light, from the angel of darkness.

Yet such is still the *infatuation* of some few, that they may be said even now to idolize Bonaparte, totally forgetful of all those horrid acts of barbarity, that have long placed *his virtues* in competition with those of Nero or Caligula. Among these is a *Young Authoress*, of considerable abilities, who has lately published a volume of poems, and to whom the Editor addresses the following lines:—

WHENCE, fairest Lady, whence this *fulsome* praise  
Of Bonaparte, in the land of Beys ;  
Sure tyrant Love, with his envenom'd dart,  
Who reigns despotic o'er the female heart,  
Has pierc'd you through, usurp'd your freeborn mind,  
And made you thus to all his *vices* blind.  
Now tho' Love *tyrannize* with *pleasing* sway,  
Making all hearts most willingly obey,  
And at his shrine a grateful homage pay ;  
Except the little God, mankind will own,  
They ne'er could brook a tyrant on a throne.  
From tyranny recoiling, till they feel  
A deadly hatred ev'ry sinew steel.  
As the scar'd trav'ler, who within a brake,  
Sees the expanded jaws of some huge rattle snake.

}

## ERRATA.

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**W**HEREVER *through* or *though* is spelt with the *ugh*, as in page 1. Mr. L's Poetry, leave it out, and read it as if spelt, *thro'* or *tho'*.

Page 7, for "*tender Tale*" read "*love-lorn Tale*".

Page 9, instead of "*repulsed me*" read "*repulsed him*"; and instead of "*as I*" read "*as he*"

Pages 28 and 33, instead of "*a Prologue of mine to Jane Shore*" read "*a Prologue of Mr. L's*"; and instead of "*spoken by me*" read "*spoken by him*". Instead of "*a Military Address of mine*" read "*a Military Address of Mr. L's.*"

Page 47. Mr. L's Poetry, instead of "*laylock*" read "*lilack*".

Page 51, instead of "*of*" twice repeated, read it only once.

Page 16, Mrs. Day's Poetry, for "*an*" read "*and*"

Page 49, Mrs. Day's Poetry, read "*Written by Miss M. when about sixteen, after the purchase of Tristram Shandy*" written being repeated twice over is of course an error of the Printer's

Page 76, Mr. Day's Prose, after *dice* insert a comma ; but it is here observed to save trouble, that as the punctuation of this collection has many errors in it, to correct which would be tedious to the Reader, as well as the Editor, it is requested such errors be corrected by the ear and judgement of each different reader.

Page 101, Mr. Day's Prose, read the word "*it*" before "*known*".



# AN ACCOUNT OF MATLOCK BATH,

IN DERBYSHIRE ;

*And the Picturesque Scenery of the Country  
around it.*

O H ! that my pencil could those charms pourtray,  
Which Matlock's variegated scenes display ;  
Where gliding through her rich romantic vale,  
The Derwent circulates her healthful gale,  
Gently meanders by the rocks above,  
Bathing their feet in token of his love,  
Or, dashing rolls along his murky waves  
Through thick groves hanging from the rocks he laves  
Where hills, and vallies, woods, and plains appear  
In all those charms, which Nature's fav'rites wear ;  
The woodlands sloping, and the vallies green,  
Huge rocks, with here and there a tree between,  
Whose roots surprise the wond'ring stranger's eye,  
Shooting on spots where earth can scarcely lie.



Where immense crags o'erhang the mountain's base,  
 That seem prepar'd to quit their destin'd place,  
 Threat'ning to crush whole townships in their fall,  
 And in one moment overwhelm them all.

Yet where are seen to climb the rock's rough steep,  
 The shepherd's boy, and still more daring sheep,  
 Browzing 'twixt fragments of mishapen rocks,  
 A view so frightful, as the boldest shocks ;  
 Whilst the hoarse raven, croaking from her nest,  
 Wonders that these, should dare disturb her rest.

Where various cots adorn the mountain's side,  
 Like those of Gades, Britain's glorious pride,  
 With but one path the peasant's steps to guide ;  
 This too, so narrow, zig-zag, steep, and rough,  
 For one to walk, there's hardly space enough ;  
 But should two meet, unaided by a wall,  
 Without great care, the outermost will fall,  
 And rolling down, some hundred feet of rock,  
 Strike on the ground, with a tremendous shock :  
 Sad awful victim to that want of thought,  
 Which Nature here, to most her sons has taught ;  
 Rough in their speech, uncouth in their attire,  
 Whose wishes seldom beyond this aspire,

To live and die in honest Freedom's breast,  
 That noblest boon, with which the peasant's blest.  
 Nor think, O Matlock, I'll forget to praise  
 Thy min'ral waters, in these humble lays ;  
 That healing spring, which Heav'n has caus'd to flow,  
 To ease the sad varieties of woe,  
 To raise the drooping, and dejected maid,  
 When fell Consumption, seem'd her lungs t' invade ;  
 And hov'ring o'er a dark untimely grave,  
 No med'cine else, her precious life could save ;  
 Restor'd to all the pleasing cares of life,  
 The happy honors, of a virtuous wife ;  
 Restor'd, her parents' latter years t' assuage,  
 "And rock the cradle of reposing age ;"  
 Restor'd, a mother's anxious joys to feel,  
 And raise up children, to the Common Weal.  
 What grateful tide the lover's bosom warms,  
 When now he clasps his mistress in his arms ;  
 What grateful tide the parent's heart o'erflows,  
 When now his daughter's freed from sick bed woes,  
 None but a parent or a lover knows. }  
 O bounteous heaven, whose goodness to mankind,  
 In nought more plainly than in this we find,

Diseases few our tender frames molest,  
 With which we are not with the remède blest.  
 On Matlock's spring I'll one more praise bestow,  
 Myself to it, my present spirits owe :  
 But its great virtues, now from few conceal'd,  
 Will be in time to all the world reveal'd.  
 Yet farther up thy sweet enchanting vale,  
 As though some magic spell our eyes assail,  
 There bursts upon them Cromford's stately mills  
 Rising majestic, 'midst encircling hills.  
 Here Nature kindly, o'er an Arkwright show'rs,  
 To swell our Commerce, the mechanic pow'rs ;  
 Whose wond'rous aid, to poor weak manual skill,  
 With vast conceptions, our ideas fill,  
 With mute submission, teaching us still more  
 The Great Mechanic of this World t'adore.

LINES WRITTEN AS AN EPITAPH,

*On the premature Death, of my ever to be lamented  
Friend, and Relation,*

Mr. DAY,

AUTHOR OF SANDFORD AND MERTON, &c. &c.

MOURN, mortals, mourn, here tomb'd untimely lies  
God's noblest work, the virtuous, and the wise.  
One, whose great mind, with gen'rous passions fraught,  
Ne'er meanly acted, or e'er meanly thought.  
His honor nice, his sense and judgment clear,  
Sound in his morals, yet to none severe,  
Equal his temper, eloquent his tongue,  
His manners lively, and his talents strong,  
Bold as the lion, gentle as the dove,  
His bosom warm, but delicate his love ;  
His kindness fost'ring, as Apollo's heat,  
Illum'd the child of sorrow's dark retreat,  
Dispell'd the gloom, that round the negro rose,  
Loos'd his strong chains, and eas'd his heavy woes ;

Compassion too, not partially inclin'd,  
 Boundless his zeal, it shone o'er all mankind ;  
 Beast, bird, fish, insect did its fervor share,  
 Whose lives he cherish'd with parental care ;  
 By forms not sway'd, though these the world revere,  
 He stemm'd luxurious fashion's proud career,  
 Repell'd the influence of her baneful pow'r,  
 And youth forewarn'd, to shun the fatal hour  
 When their soft minds, depriv'd of Reason's light,  
 A thousand pleasures play before the sight,  
 And life's gay scenes, enervating their souls,  
 Vice o'er their hearts, with latent force controuls,  
 The Patriot stedfast, in his Country's cause,  
 Revering much, the majesty of laws,  
 When these to strengthen seem'd, and not t'invalidate  
 Those Rights of Man, for which all laws were made ;  
 To curb the factious, property secure,  
 Punish the bad, the good rewards ensure  
 And man to patient industry allure ;  
 From hence he deem'd, true Government to spring,  
 The compact this, of Subject and of King.  
 Such was Day's life, whose merits crown'd above,  
 Reap their just tribute, his Creator's love.

## AN APOLOGY

TO A LADY.

**H**AD I but known, by Aikin's tender tale,  
I touch'd the String, on which thy Sorrows hung ;  
Believe me, gentle nymph of Scarsdale's vale,  
I'd left his lyre, I'd left my own unstrung.

In this world's chequer'd scene, where thorns of woe  
Amid the flow'rs of joy, in ambush lie ;  
Curs'd be that verse, how smooth soe'er it flow,  
Which gives one virtuous girl, a hapless sigh.

Though the bright tears, that to thy eyelids stole,  
Hanging like dew drops, on the glist'ning rose ;  
Display'd a warm, a sympathetic soul,  
A genial soil, where ev'ry virtue grows.

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;”  
But gems of Sympathy, how seldom seen,  
Though none with these, in value can compare !

The precious pearl of sympathetic woe,  
Which deck'd the lustre, of thy steady eye,  
Made my tears too, in silent sorrow flow,  
And waft to thee the tribute of a sigh.

Forgive him, then, in pity to thy fate,  
Who touch'd the String, on which thy Sorrows hung ;  
Since from that hour, his sorrows he may date,  
Who is, like thee, by Cupid's poison stung.

EXTEMPORE VERSES,

UPON A LADY,

*Who repulsed me, as I was going to salute her, and  
put on a grave angry look.*

THOUGH Flies may rifle Delia's charms,  
Her heav'nly nectar sip ;  
Yet nobler I, am barr'd the pow'r,  
To touch sweet Delia's lip.

Then why should man behold with scorn !  
The happier insect race ?  
When even flies may dare to do,  
What human forms disgrace.

Oh that I could but change my shape,  
And be an insect too,  
That I might lovely Delia kiss,  
And all her beauties view.

But



But ah ! alas ! I cannot hope  
To change this human mien ;  
For that same God, who form'd my clay,  
Has their Creator been.

But I can quit these once lov'd scenes,  
Since winter's frosts appear ;  
And hasten to some warmer clime,  
Where cold nor storm I fear.

For now my charming Delia frowns,  
The East wind chills my breast,  
Which, till she smiles, no more will feel  
The zephyrs of the West.

V E R S E S

*Written upon the aforesaid Lady's saying, a Gentleman  
fell asleep in a Coach, in which she was.*

WHEN East was sitting in a coach,  
Fair Delia by his side,  
He felt intrusive sleep approach,  
As he her beauties ey'd.

O happy youth, hadst thou not let  
Sweet slumber thus surprise,  
Thy death wound, thou hadst surely met,  
From Delia's brilliant eyes.

Then bless thy near escape, O East,  
And in thy closet pray,  
Yearly too keep a sacred feast,  
In honor of that day.

Far

Far diff'rent was Solander's fate,  
Asleep by coldness laid,  
Although he saw stern Death await,  
Should sleep his limbs invade.

Till wak'd by Banks, he scap'd that doom,  
Which all must sometime bear;  
While East, by sleep, escap'd his tomb,  
The same could kill or spare.

A POETICAL PORTRAIT OF A  
MARRIED LADY,

*If possible, more graceful than the Graces, a Diamond  
of the first brilliancy.*

CAPRICE, thou idol of the female breast,  
At whose sad shrine, my mystic vows I pay ;  
On thee I call to give me ease and rest,  
And free my mind from Laura's fickle sway.

Long have I felt love's slow consuming flame,  
With thrilling transports vibrate in my heart ;  
Long have I felt at sound of Laura's name,  
My bosom struck with Cupid's poison'd dart.

But when I ask, to ease my tortur'd mind,  
A portrait of sweet Laura's angel face,  
She answers, No ! how cruel, how unkind,  
'Thou fairest, ficklest, of the female race,

Thus

Thus to refuse one copy of thy form,  
To him, who loves thee with so pure a fire ;  
Thy fair orig'nal, animate and warm,  
Has ne'er possess'd him, with unchaste desire.

Still to C\*\*\*'s lawful arms confine thy bust,  
Made in luxuriant Nature's sweetest mould ;  
But e're that form's consign'd again to dust,  
And, like the marble, polished, yet cold,

Let art's enchanting pencil snatch a grace,  
A Guido's touch preserve each matchless charm,  
That time may transmit to the future race,  
What e'en on canvas, will the bosom warm.

How Nature once, in sportive frolic hour,  
The Graces call'd around her magic seat,  
And these besought, to deck with fairest flow'r,  
And perfume with the most luxuriant sweet,

One matchless child, whose elegance, and taste,  
The happiest efforts, of her genius shew'd,  
Nature's chef d'œuvre each fair Goddess grac'd,  
And to them all, Laura her beauty ow'd.

The Graces gave her dignity of air,  
A face that sure would make a saint run mad ;  
Venus pronounc'd her, fairest of the fair,  
Who many a blithsome heart should render sad.

Minerva lightning to her eyes convey'd,  
A melting softness mingled with their fire ;  
Nature with witching smiles, her face array'd,  
And made her voice harmonious as the lyre.

Momus gave quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Such fascinating pow'r to please the soul,  
That all, who caught the focus of her smiles,  
Confess'd the magic of her soft controul.

Unable to repress the falling tear,  
Each felt her beauty, did his heart ensnare ;  
Like the poor bird, whom fascinating fear,  
Throws in the serpent's mouth, when soaring in the  
air.

STANZAS, TO MORPHEUS,

THE GOD OF SLEEP.

WITH kind complacence, hear a suppliant's pray'r,  
And spread, O Sleep, thy pinions o'er his breast ;  
Him some rich drops from heav'nly Lethe spare,  
And hush him slumb'ring to the shades of rest.

Whose soul no evil conscience keeps awake,  
That like a death watch, ticking in the ear,  
With weak low sound, makes ev'ry nerve to shake,  
Midst horrid pauses of convulsive fear.

Conscience which, whisp'ring, more the soul appals  
Than Ætna's sudden bursts of rocky fire ;  
The dreadful roar when some proud city falls,  
Or that loud crash when elements conspire.

O gentle

O gentle Sleep, who seal'st the ship boy's eyes,  
When the white billows with tremendous roar,  
Curling their monstrous tops like mountains rise,  
And roll impetuous 'gainst the foaming shore.

When perch'd aloft upon the main topmast,  
(His torpid body numb'd by thy sweet charm,)  
Wearied he sleeps midst ev'ry shiv'ring blast,  
Senseless of fears, the watchful breast alarm.

Why o'er a boy thus cradled in the shroud,  
Thy magic influence so kindly shed,  
And not o'er those of high distinction proud,  
Who on a downy pillow lay their head ?

If to the rich thy slumbers thou refuse,  
And poverty alone thy blessings taste,  
Then grant, kind Heav'n, this rich but temp'rate muse,  
To some poor cottage may his footsteps haste.

There blest with poverty, if blest with sleep,  
On pillow'd straw repose the throbbing head,  
Whilst sweet oblivion o'er his eyelids creep,  
As death's dark mantle on the tombstone spread.



With coarsest cloathing, water from the spring,  
Alternate labour, but alternate rest;  
Far happier then, this wearied muse would sing,  
Than if in all the pomp of splendor drest.

## THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS

*Was intended to have been spoken at a Play, which Lord  
B\*\*\*y\*\*\* had once the idea of giving at his  
Theatre the day he came of age, to some  
Friends, and to his Creditors.*

OYER, Oyer, Oyer, our most noble lord  
Bids you all welcome to his festive board;  
And me has sent to greet his honor'd friends,  
To whom respectful compliments he sends.  
But first ye Belles, whose charms I fondly view,  
Tho' Cupid's arrows pierce me through and through,  
And all the throbbing pains of love renew. }  
Belles such as Britain only can produce,  
Whose rich productions, for their shew or use,  
Exceed in beauty those of other states,  
Whence Europe envies what my heart elates.  
My Lord to-night performs a noble part,  
And what all noblemen should learn by heart :

True real honor he displays to view,  
 Pays his old debts, and then begins anew.  
 The paying debts he knows is not the passion,  
 But hopes to-night to set this comely fashion.  
 Rais'd by a title, which in former times  
 The peer ne'er us'd to varnish o'er his crimes ;  
 A noble mind he'll shew, as well as birth,  
 (Unlike some new made lords, just sprang from earth,)  
 And try his founder's virtues to inherit,  
 Who got his peerage by superior merit.  
 To ease his friends, my Lord's enlarg'd this place,  
 That none may shew a discontented face ;  
 But all of you enjoy sea-room enough,  
 E'en the broad crest of honest Captain Bluff.  
 " To see a Play, I've paid most woundy dear,  
 Old Square Toes said, going from hence last year,  
 So squeez'd and press'd, was never man before,  
 Your W\*\*g\*\*\*e plays shall never see me more :  
 The Col'nel too, forsooth, must pinch my corns,  
 Perhaps create a harder substance, horns !"  
 " Alas, what's that, replies his loving wife,  
 My dear was hurt, my soul, my chick, my life."  
 Miss Dumpling next complain'd the House was small,  
 That some rude bear had push'd her 'gainst the wall ;  
Besides,

“ Besides, papa, a vulgar ill-bred man,  
 Dar’d to stoop down, and pick me up my fan ;  
 Presumptuous wretch ! who ventur’d thus to touch,  
 The fan presented me by Count Nonsuch.  
 Would my Lord B\*\*\*y\*\*\*re enlarge his place,  
 And let *us quality* have a sep’rate space,  
 I might perhaps once more adorn his plays,  
 Make the men’s hearts with admiration blaze,  
 Whilst all transported at my person gaze ;  
 And women e’en, though envious of my charms,  
 Extol the beauty of my face and arms.  
 Who’s that ? cries one, Miss Dumpling says another,  
 And none their praises of my shape can smother ;  
 Earls, Dukes, and Princes swell my conquest roll,  
 And I, like Venus, o’er their hearts controul.  
 As it now is, some monster I should dread  
 Might by o’er kindness indispose my head ;  
 For sure the greatest of life’s various ills,  
 What most the heart with spleen and rancour fills,  
 Is to be pester’d by your awkward clowns,  
 Whose gauche politeness, I return by frowns.  
 Better kick’d, curs’d, or famish’d by a Lord,  
 Than by an upstart commoner ador’d.”

Lest some tho' elsewhere should still sit on thorns,  
 While cuckolds here have room to spread their horns;  
 By me his Lordship hon'rably declares,  
 He'll pay his tradesmen their respective shares,  
 If *these* will send in *honest, clear* accounts,  
 And fairly state to what each bill amounts.  
 Thus B\*\*\*\*\*re performs a noble part,  
 And what some here I hope will learn by heart;  
 A character displays on W\*\*g\*\*e stage,  
 But seldom seen in this degen'rate age.

## A FAREWELL ADDRESS

*To the Company at Harrowgate in the Summer, 1801,  
upon closing the Theatre there for the Season, and  
written for Miss De C.'s Benefit.*

TO-night, our season ended, give me leave  
T' express those thanks with which our bosoms heave :  
But chiefly mine, who feel to-night that glow,  
Which from a grateful mind can only flow.  
That debt of Gratitude now fills my heart,  
And tho' the whole I cannot, I'll pay part.  
Supposing then each here, like me, a Play'r,  
For you I offer up this fervent pray'r ;  
May all you, acting on the stage of life,  
As brother, husband, mother, daughter, wife  
So well perform, that at death's awful hour  
No poignant sorrow may life's chalice sour ;  
May you, ye Belles, who Harrowgate adorn,  
Gather the flow'r of joy without the thorn ;

Nor hasty pluck a flow'r, where'er it grows,  
 For fear you get the nettle, not the rose.  
 If then your minds on marriage are intent,  
 Remember well this word, 'repent, repent.'  
 To you, mamas, I give this short advice,  
 For I have known mamas by much too nice ;  
 Let not ambitious views direct your aim,  
 And make your daughter wed, to get a name,  
 Whether she feel or not love's sacred flame. }  
 Let wealth nor title be your only guide,  
 These of themselves can't make the happy bride ;  
 But hark ! some mother says, whence all this knowledge,  
 Sure that pert Miss was brought up at a College,  
 A girl so wise she surely ne'er could be,  
 Unless she added to her name B. D.  
 You quiz me, madam, but I'll quiz again,  
 'Tis a fair shot to try to hit the men,  
 Those lordly men, who thinking us fair game,  
 Shoot at the women's hearts with love's unerring aim.  
 'Tis now the season too, September time,  
 Would birds were shot at only in my rhyme.  
 B. D. implies in that great College, whence  
 I had my knowledge, a great want of sense.

It means not learning, but a want of that,  
 A head that's only fit to wear a hat.  
 B. D. Dunce Bachelor, the first degree,  
 Next L. L. D. a greater Dunce than he ;  
 Last D. D. Doctor Dunce, with wig and cane,  
 Of these, and D. D. not a little vain,  
 Joking apart, should any swell with bile  
 At the bold freedom of my muse's style,  
 To them I now, as M. D. give advice,  
 Probatum est, and cures them in a trice.  
 Of this fam'd spring three glasses take, but stop,  
 M. D. must not forget the bolus shop.  
 Yet ah ! from those wry faces which I see,  
 Methinks I've dos'd you well without a fee ;  
 Your vessels pletchorick, your stomachs full,  
 With verses rough, satyrical and dull,  
 You seem to say, good Doctor do pray cease,  
 And give your tir'd out muse a little peace ;  
 A hint's enough, so now I'll bid adieu  
 To mamas, misses, and kind men to you ;  
 Yet to all thankful, when this house I see,  
 The Doctor must confess, he has his fee.



AD LILLYSTONEM,

DULCE RIDENTEM.

*The following Stanzas were written on being favored with  
a sight of that Lady's uncommonly elegant  
Drawings.*

WHEN gentle Lillystone, with matchless skill,  
On her chaste canvass some fair form pourtrays,  
What secret transports in the bosom thrill,  
How lost in wonder we admiring gaze.

So finely animate her pencil'd bust,  
We, starting, think the canvass teems with life,  
In rapt'rous bliss delusive senses trust,  
And claim the lovely image for a wife.

With stretch'd out arms arrest the peerless fair,  
To shew our fondness by a close embrace ;  
When ah ! the form untangible as air,  
Our grasp eludes, and keeps its destin'd place.

The

The hapless youth in an enchanting dream,  
Thus views with extacy his fair one's charms ;  
And whilst the playful tints of fancy beam,  
Believes he clasps his mistress in his arms.

Till sadly waking, with tumultuous joy,  
He finds the object of his ardor fled,  
Again for lost Eliza heaves a sigh,  
And bends with sorrow o'er the silent dead.

Like Lillystone did great Apelles draw,  
When he so graceful shap'd the queen of love ;  
Man strangely felt, in spite of Nature's law,  
The lifeless canvass could his passions move.

Titian's soft colouring, Guido's graceful air,  
Proclaim an artist of superior kind ;  
Yet who, that sees her portraits, won't declare,  
In *them* the image of *herself* we find:

Such soft emotions in her bosom reign,  
Such grace and dignity her mind adorn,  
As prove that Lillystone, howe'er she feign,  
Is not a mortal, but an angel born.

## A PROLOGUE of mine to JANE SHORE,

*Spoken by me at the Theatre in Southend the Night of  
Miss Brookes's Benefit.*

IN that just mirror of the human mind,  
Shakespeare's immortal page, this truth we find ;  
The world's a stage, all men and women play'rs,  
Where each variety of acting shares.  
And Shakespeare's judgment who'll presume to doubt,  
Will any in this house or any out ?  
If any here should dare our bard t' asperse,  
And think that he, like minor sons of verse,  
Took not from life those characters he drew,  
All how unlike each other, all how true ;  
With modern novels Shakespeare's plays compare,  
Tho' here we see all truth, all fiction there ;  
Such sceptic minds no pow'r on earth could move,  
Not the fine arguments of England's Jove ;

Ilm

Him from whose lips the gentle accents flow,  
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snow ;  
 Whose arm omnipotent can spread alarms,  
 Whose gentle voice can rouse the world to arms ;  
 Pitt, the great statesman, whose persuasive voice  
 Could make a nation in its ills rejoice ;  
 Could make John Bull with taxes blest, a store,  
 Cry out in extacy, encore, encore ;  
 Could make the budget, (that Pandora's Box,  
 Once but a Calf, now grown into an Ox,)  
 So light appear, John Bull was wont to say  
 He felt no pressure, it so lightly lay ;  
 So small in stature seem, tho' grown so big,  
 He call'd the budget, Billy's sucking pig.  
 Yet some then thought, in spite of John's wise head,  
 Pitt's pig so heavy, 'twas a *pig of lead*.  
 Sure beast so strange was never seen before,  
 The more it suck'd, it grunting squeak'd for more ;  
 Yet stranger too, tho' that may seem a jest,  
 Its mother strengthen'd, when it drain'd her breast !  
 This Pitt affirm'd, and he a Heav'n born man,  
 Knows more for certain than poor mortals can ;  
 'Then thus he prov'd it ; Britain, when at war,  
 Fresh strength acquires from ev'ry wound and scar ;  
To

To it doth Heav'n such wond'rous vigour send,  
The more it spends, the more it still can spend.

But hence these jokes on patriot god-like Pitt,  
Jokes only meant to shew your poet's wit ;  
Who like some fishermen, his wit once set,  
'Takes all for fish, that come into his net.  
Trust me who thinks not Pitt all good and wise,  
Knows not where virtue, where true honor lies ;  
Or did not bigot hate and party zeal  
Lock up his soul in adamant steel,  
Candid he'd own, Pitt's rich capacious mind  
Proves him a Premier born, to save mankind :  
Whilst Bonaparte, whom the devil take,  
Shews that he's born for whom, his *own* dear sake ;  
*Old Nick's sweet babe*, to whom some witch gave suck,  
And for his fortune gave, the devil's luck.

Gentle Jane Shore to-night with meagre looks,  
(Her face not much unlike the phiz of Brookes,)  
Implores your patronage, yet lanker still,  
Will be Brooke's visage, if her house don't fill.  
No cheeks more smooth than hers, nor any plumper,  
Should she behold this house to-night a bumper ;  
Should

Should she behold, like Lady Faddle's rout,  
 Her friends unable to get in or out ;  
 Pinion'd and squeez'd like fowls upon a spit,  
 All parts choak'd up, box, gallery, and pitt,  
 Six inches square to stand on, six to sit ;  
 Then would your Brookes with gratitude run o'er,  
 As when the rains in sudden torrents pour,  
 And in a flood of joy raise up her head,  
 Dripping like Neptune's on his oozy bed.  
 Whilst rich Old Thames, who owes so much to Brooks,  
 Would thank you with his best, his gentlest looks,  
 Smooth his rough waves, and swelling high his tide,  
 Enable frigates at Southend to ride.  
 And Thames with Neptune in close friendship join'd,  
 A fig for all the Powers on earth combin'd.  
 At all events to Brookes this praise is due,  
 To please her friends has been her only view ;  
 Her bill of fare perchance, a little odd,  
 For which don't lash her with the critic's rod.

Did you not think me now a horrid bore,  
 I'd crave your int'rest for your *native Shore*,  
 And trespass on your time one moment more.  
 Close to the sea too shall I plead in vain,  
 When Southend shore to you is no small gain ;

}

And

And who so likely to support with spirit  
 Our *native Shore*, as those who feel its merit.  
 With Miss Brookes thanks to you, who kindly sit  
 To see her ben'fit and to hear my wit ;  
 I'll take my leave, and like her thank you too,  
 Yes, thank sincerely you, and you, and you ;\*  
 Trusting that when my motive's understood,  
 You'll say, *he acts* not ill, whose *cause* is good.

---

\* Box, Pitt, and Gallery.

A MILITARY

ADDRESS OF MINE,

*Spoken at the closing of the Theatre at Southend,  
in Essex, the Play having been chosen by  
some of the Essex Volunteers.*

**O** FERTILE isle, for wealth and beauty fam'd,  
A second Paradise, or Eden nam'd,  
Thou fairest spot of our terrest'ral sphere,  
Let only happiness inhabit here.  
So said great Jove, when, plunging in the waves,  
He rais'd this isle, whose sides old Ocean laves ;  
And smiling on the earth, display'd to sight,  
Well pleas'd survey'd the pearl he'd brought to light.  
No wonder then, New France has spread alarms,  
And try'd to rouse the Continent to arms.  
Envious of England's opulence and pow'r,  
Her tyrant trembles for th' approaching hour,  
When Britain's conquests, spread from shore to shore,  
True Freedom shall extend, and tyrants breathe no more:

D

How



How foolish this, t' avert domestic jar,  
 By madly braving England's youth to war.  
 Revenge, revenge, the sons of Albion cry,  
 And all to arms, in gath'ring tumults fly ;  
 Each ardent singly to decide the cause,  
 And shew the justice of his country's laws ;  
 Whilst Bonaparte, frighten'd at the sight  
 Of British valour, shuns th' unequal fight,  
 Wisely inclines his bullying wrath t' assuage,  
 And leave invasion for some future age.  
 How wise, vain Gauls, for, (driv'n from Africk's shore  
 By those brave heroes, Hutchinson, and Moore,  
 Led by Sir Ralph, who, for his country's good,  
 Seal'd Egypt's glorious vict'ry with his blood,)  
 Ye, madly boasting to subdue the world,  
 Saw your proud standard for Britannia furl'd,  
 Heard gallant Sydney thund'ring from afar,  
 Sydney the fav'rite of the God of War ;  
 Sydney a name to ev'ry *Briton dear*,  
 And sweetly sounding in Britannia's ear ;  
 But to a Frenchman's, and faith no wonder,  
 Sounding terrific, like the awful thunder ;  
 His name tremendous as the God of Battles,  
 That 'midst bombs, grape shot, shells, and mortars rattles.  
 Yes,

Yes, brave Sir Sidney, thy chivalrick fame,  
 Great and illustrious as thy noble name,  
 Shall live immortal in th' historic page,  
 And brighter glow to each succeeding age ;  
 Like a fine Claude, as age to age succeeds,  
 So bright shall seem thy high heroic deeds,  
 Fame's col'ring mellow'd down by Truth's bright ray,  
 Shall shine effulgent as the source of day.  
 If this bright fame for but *one* Acre too,  
 Ye Gods, for *millions*, what won't Sydney do.  
 He skill'd like brave Nelson, Hawke, Rodney, Howe,  
 To make proud Gallia's flag to England's bow ;  
 Not French themselves, more pliant in the back,  
 They and their flags a sort of *supple jack* ;  
 Unlike our Jacks, who stiff as British oak,  
 Disdain to bend to any foreign yoke.  
 Which made Linois's squadron so enhance  
 The unknown merits of our country Dance,  
 That when our tars began their balls to play,  
 So ill they lik'd the Dance, they ran away ;  
 Tho' had it been a French cotillion set,  
 That on the China seas Linois met,  
 Active as monkies they'd have join'd the Dance,  
 Cotillion steps the fav'rite ones in France,

Yes, long has proud Gaul felt with galling pain,  
 Britannia rules the land, Britannia rules the main.  
 Far diff'rent now from that ill omen'd day,  
 When England sent her martial sons away,  
 The sword to tarnish in a brother's blood,  
 And kinsmen slaughter for the public good :  
 To quell rebellion 'gainst oppressive acts,  
 Enforce those laws a British House enacts;  
 To urge a right which none on earth can claim,  
 A right t' oppress, if mask'd by friendship's name.  
 When stern-ey'd justice arms our valiant bands,  
 Each foe falls prostrate by their conq'ring hands;  
 With wreaths of laurel ev'ry project's crown'd,  
 And heaps on heaps lie bleeding on the ground.  
 Not so when dire oppression guides their breast,  
 'Then vain their prowess by divine behest;  
 Impartial Jove ambitious schemes abhors,  
 And makes abortive all tyrannic wars.

STANZAS,

*Written on the Centenary Commemoration throughout  
Great Britain, of the glorious Revolution, but particularly  
alluding to a magnificent Celebration  
of that Event at Chesterfield, in  
Derbyshire.*

WHEN Freedom's cause the British breast expands,  
And makes it glow with ardor scarce its own,  
Let not the rapt'rous flame forsake those bands,  
Which grac'd the triumph of great Nassau's throne:

What tho' the clarion's sound no longer's heard,  
Or loud huzzas re-echo thro' the air,  
No flags are seen, or Orange zone begird  
The tap'ring waist of Britain's peerless fair!

Yet shall Imagination paint the day,  
In brightest colors that her pow'rs can give;  
And ev'ry Briton sincere homage pay,  
To the mild Monarch under whom we live.

To George the Third, our virtuous, patriot King !  
Who loves to see his people happy, free ;  
For which each grateful muse with truth shall sing,  
For ever may good George, Great Britain's Sov'reign be.

When vain parade, and revelling are o'er,  
Shall ye forget the cause from whence they flow ?  
Consid'ring that gay festive scene no more,  
Than the mock image of a Lord May'r's show.

If such your Gallic joy, your French-like taste,  
Pleas'd only with the pageantry of dress ;  
With Gauls admire th' Imperial crown of paste,  
The mantle, sceptre, royal apishness.

But moral, precepts which the play conveys,  
'T' assist weak minds the snares of vice to shun ;  
Think these like them, too trivial for your praise,  
Nor let your minds by ought but pomp be won.

THE PROPHECY,

OR,

*BONAPARTE KILLED AT LAST*

By his own Troops.

**Y**E BRITONS, to your Country true,  
In her just cause so hearty,  
Shall make the French Invasion rue,  
And give proud Bonaparte  
Such proofs of Britons' glorious zeal,  
When by French slaves invaded,  
As soon shall make that Tyrant feel,  
His laurels are all faded.

Blasted, like his brilliant fame,  
Which once shone with such lustre,  
Patriots almost ador'd his name,  
Who now against him muster.  
Whose hearts since Bonaparte's chang'd,  
With such resentment glow ;  
They in the foremost ranks are rang'd,  
To give to him his death-blow.

Shall Britons court a Tyrant's smiles ?  
 Shall Britons, chang'd to Slaves !  
 Be gull'd by the Usurper's wiles,  
 And hypocritick knaves ?  
 Who sily say, " we only mean,  
 A hundred rich to kill,  
 Frenchmen from long experience seen,  
 Too mild, much blood to spill !

" So *meek*, so *gentle*, they ne'er could,  
 Like the base English nation,  
 Embrue their hands in guiltless blood ;  
 Britons in ev'ry station,  
 Characteris'd as loving pain,  
 For savage, treacherous acts ;  
 Whence they reject with fell disdain,  
 Those mild laws New France enacts."

Freedom sure reigns in FRANCE ALONE,  
 For only the Consul's free ;  
 But mark that tyrant on his throne,  
 And him on his pillow see,

Where rack'd with agonizing thought,  
At which his blood runs chill,  
Murders he plots, who sleep has sought  
In vain the night to kill.

His death see widows, orphans pray,  
Bearing a poison'd bowl,  
Whilst this, which some in whispers say,  
Seems thunder to his soul :  
“ Thou traitor to thy soldiers, speak,  
Nor feel refreshing sleep,  
Lo ! we our husbands, fathers seek,  
Thus doom'd by thee to weep.

“ Where are thy fellow soldiers, say !  
Whom thy base treach'ry slew ?  
Thou know'st at Jaffa long they lay  
Expos'd to public view ;  
Till *Britons*, to their foes humane,  
Gave them sepulchral rite ;  
For they with sorrow, heartfelt pain,  
Beheld that horrid sight,

“ Now,



“ Now, Monster, hear, ’tis doom’d by fate,  
Much longer thou sha’n’t live,  
From thy own troops just death await,  
They shall thy death blow give :  
Nor will those guards who round thy throne,  
Have screen’d thee long from death,  
Their Consul’s too just fate bemoan,  
Or weep his parting breath.

“ But terror fled, shew vast surprise  
Thou monster liv’d’st so long ;  
That France did not against thee rise  
In one promiscuous throng ;  
Thy staunch Mamelukes shall cry out,  
Thank God, the Tyrant’s dead !!!  
For no more Consuls Frenchmen shout,  
But King Louis make your head.

“ With Moreau, Minister of State,  
Not mad Ambition’s fool,  
And choosing a much safer fate,  
Than over France to rule ;

Frenchmen

Frenchmen shall then this blessing see,  
They've not for twelve years past,  
Equality does best agree  
With Governments which last."

" For though Republics, at first sight,  
Delusive Fancy please,  
They, closer seen, mankind affright,  
And with such friction tease,  
Faction against Faction struggling,  
Causing such constant ferment,  
With their arts of patriot juggling,  
A state's vital strength is spent."

WE BRITONS now, to our good King  
Will grateful homage pay ;  
Nor murmur, tho' the war should bring  
Fresh taxes ev'ry day !  
Because they're rais'd but for the war,  
When that's brought to an end,  
Those taxes cease we most abhor,  
And our bad times will mend.

Where

Where we're tax'd too, true Freedom reigns;  
 And such just laws are found;  
 They can defy Old or Young PAINES,  
 And fight them on their own ground.  
 Their Reason would before our laws,  
 (Afraid with Truth to fight,)  
 Vanish in smoke, as the sun draws  
 The vapours of the night.

*The above written*  
*in 1803.*

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE

BOURBON FAMILY

*To the Throne of France ; an event which I hope, by the  
interposition of Divine Providence, will  
e're long take place.*

WHEN Vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
The strongest nation falls an easy prey  
To Discord, Rapine, and a stream of ills,  
Which flows impetuous from ten thousand rills :  
Till Virtue, like the fiery orb of day,  
When clouds have veil'd from sight his chearing ray,  
When black'ning tempests have o'erhung the land,  
And angry Jove has shook his thund'ring hand,  
Bursts into view, and with a light serene  
Dispels the horrors of the dreary scene ;  
Dispensing joy and peace to all around  
Herself with universal praises crown'd.

VERSES TO MRS. T\*\*\*T,

*Nearly allied to Venus, from her love-sick Relation Cupid.*

THE winged messenger of love,  
Follow'd by his billing dove,  
This note has penn'd for one fair Dame,  
Skill'd to raise or put out a flame.

*From my enchanting Bower in the Wilderness at  
S\*\*\*\*\*d, my Heart overflowing with Love, like the  
Sea at a Spring Tide.*

Kind Guardian Angels hover o'er her head,  
Whilst gently slumbring on her downy bed.

*The God of Love writes in haste, as he has some  
millions of visits to pay before morning :*

For as soon as dawns forth the break of day,  
All Spirits like himself must flit away.

AS your dear little Cupid with rapt'rous delight,  
 Is now winging his course on an amorous flight,  
 He has stop'd at a place call'd by him sweet S\*\*\*\*\*d,  
 And these lines to his fav'rite has gallantly penn'd ;  
 To my Widow of thirty, of a hundred I mean,  
 For where's one in a hundred like her to be seen ?  
 What widow in Britain with T\*\*\*t can compare ?  
 And most women there are deem'd lovely and fair.  
 Whence some have imagin'd they plainly can see,  
 Old England the isle of Calypso must be,  
 As all our historians on this point agree ;  
 That he who's in love, must be tied down as fast  
 As Ulysses so fam'd, when tied to a mast,  
 If from Britain's fair nymphs he wants to set sail,  
 Else beauty and love o'er his heart will prevail.  
 To describe my dear T\*\*\*t surpasses all pow'r,  
 No, I've hit off her charms, she's a beautiful flow'r,  
 Where balm, laylock, and lilly their fragrance combine,  
 With pink, jassamine, rose, and the sweet eglantine,  
 Whence all who behold her declare her divine.  
 Now tell me what Belle for a moment will dare,  
 With this sweetest of flow'rs herself to compare.  
 Openhearted and gay, yet free from all vice,  
 Tho' some think my Widow by no means too nice,

I'll match her in conduct with any starch dame,  
 Who thoughtlessly ventures her worth to defame:  
 For in beauty's fair steps oft stalks like a ghost,  
 Pale envy and scandal their virtues to boast;  
 To darken that path spotless beauty has trod,  
 And raise themselves up, as a species of God;  
 Who crabbed and ugly, like most evil spirits,  
 Delight to substract from beauty's just merits.  
 But Wisdom clear-sighted soon finds out the fraud,  
 And quickly by her such old cats are outlaw'd;  
 Doom'd to pass all their lives in obscurity's shade,  
 O dire curse! each doom'd too, to die an old maid!  
 So cheer up sweet T\*\*\*t, for when old maiden weed  
 Like nettles or thistles shall run up to seed,  
 Thy beauty shall seem as a rich swelling vine,  
 Whilst round thee in clusters thy fine babes entwine,  
 Then love, honor, esteem, with affection's fair train  
 Shall shew thou, like old maids, art not made in vain;  
 Shall strew thy life's path with each sweet smelling flow'r,  
 And prove thee protected by Love's magic pow'r.

CUPID.

The Wilderness, one o'clock in the morning, Sep. 24,  
 1804, to mortal reckoning; but no point of time  
 to Spirits like myself, who live for ever. As eter-  
 nity has no end, time can have no division.

*Mr. LOWNDES being at a Rout, where a Widow was pointed out to him, apparently so young, she might have been taken for a girl of fifteen, wrote the following extempore Verses, in consequence of a Lady's expressing great surprise at Mrs. Wood, the name of the young Widow, looking so like a girl. It so happened that a Mr. Ash was standing near the Lady who expressed such great surprise, therefore Mr. L. was tempted to pun upon the young Widow's name, particularly as he had an opportunity of making a jeu de mots, by the introduction of Mr. Ash.*

Mr. L.—YOU shew surprise, so did I too,  
 At that young Widow, now in view ;  
 But mine has ceas'd, and so your's should,  
 For you must know, that Widow's, *Wood*.

Mrs. H.—That Widow, *Wood*, it cannot be,  
 For I have seen her sipping tea,  
 Have heard her speak, am told she's witty,  
 And you may see she's very pretty.  
 How then can such a girl be *Wood* ?  
 No, this I'm sure, she's flesh and blood.



Mr. A.—Madam, to shew that *Wood* can speak,  
I English talk, nay sometimes Greek,  
Yet I am *Ash*, and *Ash* is *Wood*,  
And you'd soon find I'm flesh and blood.

---

*The following EPIGRAMS were written extempore, on its being reported Lord Whitworth had left Paris, but the French had detained his Plate. The Epigrams are puns upon the word Plate; likening his Lordship's Plate to that which Race Horses run for.*

### EPIGRAM I.

THE French so skilful in each jockeying art,  
Have stole the Plate, for which they durst not start :  
Yet why not start ? since this our tars can tell,  
If they don't fight our ships, *they run them well:*

EPIGRAM

## EPIGRAM II.

THE French so lean for running sure were made,  
 Then why of England's speed is France afraid ?  
 Besides, by *sea* they always win the day,  
 And *beat* the *English*, when they *run away*.

---

*IN consequence of of GEORGE the Second offering Dr. WILLS the Sees of Bath and Wells, in this interrogatory way, "Whether would you like, Doctor, to be Bishop of Bath, or Wells?" The Doctor being a North Briton, answered in the broad Scotch accent, "Baith, if it please your Majesty," which set the King a laughing, as the Doctor's pronunciation was so ambiguous, it would apply either to the Words Bath, or both.*

SAYS Dr. Wills, in George the second's reign,  
 Who tried to pose the Doctor, but in vain,  
 Your Majesty is pleas'd of me to ask,  
 To answer which I find no arduous task ;  
 Whether of Bath, or Wells, I'd Bishop be ?  
*Baith*, if it please you, Sire, would best suit me,  
 For I prefer the two Sees, to the one Sec.

}

FINIS.

---

*AN EXPLANATORY NOTE.*

We now present Mr. and Mrs. Day's Poetry,  
commencing with that of Mr. Day's. Mr. T.  
Lowndes never having considered his Poetry  
in any other light, than as increasing the size  
of the work.

---

( \* )

*These four pages with asterisks have been added since  
the rest of Mr. Day's Poetry was printed  
off, having been accidentally found  
among some old papers.*

---

TO MISS \*\*\*\*\*

BY MR. DAY.

OH thou ! within whose gentle breast,  
Each milder passion reigns confest,  
Whose feeling soul has learned to glow  
With soft concern for ev'ry woe !  
Oh, dearer to my wounded mind,  
Thus tender, pitying, artless, kind,

Than

Than when o'er sw'd by beauty's blaze  
 The wond'ring youths transported gaze !  
 For not the lustre of thy face,  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry matchless grace ;  
 For not the lightnings of thine eye,  
 Could e'er excite one tender sigh,  
 Let vulgar souls, by these inspir'd,  
 With transports fond and vain be fir'd ;  
 For these neglect the trump of fame,  
 Or honour's wreath, or glory's name :  
 But when to deck the brow of youth,  
 Are twin'd the sacred flow'rs of truth ;  
 When innocence with candour join'd,  
 Protect and guide the virgin's mind,  
 'Tis then, in vain by wisdom steel'd,  
 The wise, the virtuous learn to yield ;  
 Then fall the gen'rous and the brave,  
 And reason stoops to be a slave.  
 Oh, free from all thy sex's wiles,  
 Their fickle tears, their faithless smiles,  
 Whose mind no worthless youth shall move,  
 With passion wild, or lawless love !

( \* )

Oh ! when, as fate directs my way,  
To foreign climes I joyless stray ;  
While ocean's wild waves round me roar,  
And bear me far from Albion's shore !  
When gloomy storms obscure the sky,  
Wilt thou not sometimes breathe a sigh ?  
And sometimes ask, with pious prayer,  
That heav'n my destin'd head may spare ?  
Then should remembrance to thy view,  
The scenes of former days renew ;  
Wilt thou not sometimes wish to see,  
The youth who wanders far from thee ?  
And should the ruthless fates ordain,  
That I must press a foreign plain,  
While near no friend, no parent stands,  
To faintly clasp my dying hands !  
Wilt thou not shed one pitying tear,  
In pious sorrow o'er my bier ?  
Wilt thou not then, lament to see  
The youth who wanders far from thee ?  
So, gentle maid, may every pow'r,  
Protect and guide thy virgin hour !

Thy

( \* )

Thy days be crown'd with calm delight,  
Whilst angels guard thee thro' the night !  
And should some worthy youth e'er move,  
Thy gen'rous mind with mutual love,  
All kind and constant may he be,  
As he who wanders far from thee !

## TO THE AUTHORESS

OF

*'Verses to be inscribed on Delia's Tomb.'*

SWEET Poetess, whose gentle numbers flow,  
With all the artless energy of woe !  
The choicest wreath, oh lovely maid ! be thine,  
Which pity offers at the muse's shrine.  
Were there a strain of pow'r to sooth the care  
Of bitt'rest anguish, and assuage despair,  
Thy gen'rous verse might ev'ry bosom cheer,  
And wipe from ev'ry eye the falling tear !  
But there are transports of the secret soul,  
Which not the muses sacred charms controul :  
When ruin'd innocence condemn'd to bleed,  
Mourns the remembrance of the fatal deed :  
While stern contempt attends, and public hate,  
And shame remorseless points the dart of fate ;



Yet shall thy votive wreath unfading bloom;  
 A grateful off'ring to thy Delia's tomb.  
 There, while celestial mercy beams confest,  
 And sooths the mourner to eternal rest,  
 Be fancy's mildest softest visions seen,  
 And forms aerial glitter o'er the green !  
 Such forms as oft, by bow'r and haunted streams,  
 Descend mysterious on the poet's dreams !  
 There, borne by hov'ring zephyrs thro' the air,  
 Returning spring shall wave her dewy hair;  
 While Flora, mistress of the milder year,  
 Marks ev'ry flow'r she scatters with a tear.  
 There, when the gloom of midnight stills the plains,  
 The sacred guardians of immortal strains,  
 To ev'ry blast shall bid their tresses flow,  
 And pour the sweet majestic sounds of woe !  
 Lives there a virgin in the secret shade,  
 Not yet to shame by perjur'd man betray'd ?  
 This sacred spot instructed let her tread  
 And bend in silent anguish o'er the dead !  
 She once like thee, to hope's gay vision born,  
 Shone like the lustre of the dewy morn ;

One hour of guilt, one fatal hour is o'er,  
 Lo, youth, and hope, and beauty are no more !  
 Go now in mirth the fleeting hours employ,  
 Go snatch the flow'rs of transitory joy !  
 Let feast and revelry prolong the night,  
 The lyre transport thee, and the dance delight ;  
 Yet be one pause of sad reflection giv'n,  
 To the low voice of Delia, and of Heav'n !  
 That voice which rises from her dreary tomb,  
 And calls thee to its solitary doom ;  
 Dims ev'ry taper, palls the mant'ling wine,  
 And blasts the wreath, which love and pleasure twine !  
 And thou, oh youth ! whom meditation leads,  
 With pensive step, along these glist'ning meads,  
 If yet thy bosom unseduc'd, and pure,  
 Ne'er worship'd fortune's shrine or pleasure's lure ;  
 If at the tale of innocence opprest,  
 Strong indignation struggle in thy breast ;  
 If in thy constant soul soft pity glow,  
 And foes to virtue be thy only foe,  
 Approach this spot, and mark with pitying eyes,  
 How low the young, the fair, the gentle lies :

Be the stern virtue of thy soul resign'd,  
 Let gushing tears attest thy yielding mind !  
 Swear by the dread avenger of the tomb,  
 By all thy hopes, by Death's tremendous gloom !  
 That ne'er by thee deceiv'd, the tender maid  
 Shall mourn her easy confidence betray'd ;  
 Nor weep in secret thy triumphant art,  
 With bitter anguish rankling in her heart.  
 So may each blessing, which impartial fate,  
 Show'rs on the good, but snatches from the great,  
 Adorn thy favor'd course with rays divine,  
 And heav'n's best gift, a virtuous love be thine !

WRITTEN DURING A TOUR TO THE  
WEST OF ENGLAND.

*Hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.*

FROM ev'ry rich and gaudy scene,  
Which crouded capitals display,  
I court the solitary green,  
Or o'er the pathless mountains stray.

From vice, from folly, pomp, and noise,  
On Reason's wings I fly :  
All hail ye long expected joys  
Of calm tranquillity !

At least in this secure retreat,  
Unvisited by kings,  
Has virtue fix'd her halcyon seat,  
And freedom waves her wings.

O gentle Lady of the West,  
Whose charms on this sequester'd shore,  
With love can fire a stranger's breast ;  
A breast that never lov'd before !

O tell me, in what silent vale,  
To hail the balmy breath of May,  
Thy tresses floating on the gale,  
All simply neat, thou deign'st to stray :

Not such thy look, not such thy air,  
Not such thy unaffected grace ;  
As 'mid the town's deceitful glare,  
Mark the proud nymph's disdainful face.

Health's rosy bloom upon thy cheek,  
Eyes that with artless lustre roll,  
More eloquent than words to speak  
The genuine feelings of the soul.

Such be thy form ! thy noble mind  
By no false culture led astray ;  
By native sense alone refin'd  
In reason's plain and simple way.

Indiff'rent

Indiff'rent if the eye of fame,  
Thy merit unobserving see ;  
And heedless of the praise or blame  
Of all mankind, of all but me.

O gentle Lady of the West !  
To find thee be my only task ;  
When found, I'll clasp thee to my breast :  
No haughty birth, or dow'r I ask.

Sequester'd in some secret glade,  
With thee unnotic'd would I live ;  
And if Content adorn the shade,  
What more can Heav'n or Nature give ?

Too long deceiv'd by pomp's false glare ;  
'Tis thou must soothe my soul to rest ;  
'Tis thou must soften ev'ry care,  
O gentle Lady of the West !

THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE  
ADDRESSED TO MRS. DAY,

*During an absence of a few weeks into the North of England.*

LET lighter Bards in sportive numbers play,  
Weave the gay wreath, or join the choral lay,  
Round pleasure's altar fading chaplets twine,  
And deck their temples with the madd'ning vine !  
My chaster muse selects, for fancy's dream,  
A dearer object, and a nobler theme.  
For thee, thou dear companion of my soul !  
She bids spontaneous numbers artless roll ;  
Nor scorns the sacred lyre, which long had hung  
Forgotten in the shade, untouch'd, unstrung !  
Oh ! while thy friend, thy more than lover strays  
Thro' this vain world's inexplicable maze,  
Shall not remembrance strive with mimic art,  
To soothe the secret anguish of his heart ?  
Come then, thou friend of solitary care !  
Unfold the canvas, and the tints prepare ;  
Till the fair form in full proportion rise,  
Confest to view, and swim before his eyes !

May 1783.

THESE

THESE

LINES, WRITTEN BY MR. DAY,

UPON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND,

*Were thought so applicable to himself, that they were put  
upon his own Tomb Stone.*

BEYOND the rage of time, or fortune's pow'r  
Remain, cold stone ! remain, and mark the hour  
When all the noblest gifts, which Heav'n e'er gave,  
Were center'd in a dark untimely grave.  
Oh, taught on reason's boldest wings to rise,  
And catch each glimm'ring of the op'ning skies !  
Oh, gentle bosom ! oh, unsullied mind !  
Oh, friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind !  
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,  
Secure to feel no second loss like thine !

THE



THE  
FOLLOWING VERSES WERE WRITTEN BY HIM,

*Upon the Death of Colonel Laurens:*

HERE the last prey of that destructive rage  
Which shook the world, and curs'd a guilty age;  
Here youthful Laurens yielded up his breath,  
And seal'd a Nation's Liberties in Death.  
O may that country, which he fought to save,  
Shed sacred tears upon his early grave!  
And fame which urg'd him on to meet his doom,  
Bid all her laurels flourish round his tomb!  
But vain, alas! to soothe a father's woe,  
The mould'ring trophies glory can bestow!  
O'er thy sad urn, O much lov'd youth, reclin'd,  
What fond ideas rush upon his mind!  
All, all the hopes thy childhood could inspire,  
Thy youth's mild dawn, thy manhood's active fire!  
But chief, that native gentleness of soul,  
Which neither war nor passion could controul!  
Dear to the human race, but doubly dear  
To him who pours this tributary tear,  
Who mourns the public losses, and his own,  
And with a trembling hand inscribes this stone.

## M R. DAY,

*Has given a short but pathetic Eulogium of this Young Gentleman, in a Note subjoined to his Fragment of a Letter on the Slavery of Negroes ; and he again deplores the fate of his Friend in the following Verses, which have been found among his Papers.*

OR, by the Delawar's resounding shores,  
 Or, where the Brounx its humble tribute pours,  
 Or, where responsive to the captive's woe,  
 The thund'ring waves of Saratoga flow ;  
 What shrieks of woe were heard along the plain,  
 What tides of gen'rous blood increas'd the main,  
 When Britain's banners, to the winds unroll'd,  
 Shook death and vengeance from each angry fold,  
 And touch'd with sacred rage and freedom's charms,  
 The western world exulting rush'd to arms.

O fatal

O fatal fields ! where civil discord gave  
 Such wide destruction to the kindred brave ;  
 Strewn o'er your deserts, bleak and wild they lie.  
 Expos'd to ev'ry blast that chills the sky.  
 Thither the screaming falcon wings his way,  
 'Thither the wolf, and ev'ry beast of prey ;  
 Loud howls the forest to the savage roar,  
 And the fell eagle bathes his plumes in gore.  
 There oft as ev'ning lights her paly lamp,  
 And shrouds the drear expanse with mantle damp,  
 The wand'ring peasant stops, with fear aghast,  
 To hear ideal wailings in the blast ;  
 While gliding o'er the melancholy green,  
 The angry ghosts of mighty chiefs are seen ;  
 Backward he turns his steps, nor dares to tread  
 The dreadful haunts of the majestic dead.

But ah ! no sounds that sadden in the wind,  
 No shadowy forms can daunt the virgin's mind,  
 That nightly wander's o'er the gloomy plain,  
 To seek with pious steps a lover slain—  
 From blazing hearths and cheerful roof she flies,  
 Despair and madness blended in her eyes,  
 The wintry tempest lifts her floating hair,  
 Howls round her head, and chills her bosom bare ;

While

While reckless she of comfort, and of life,  
 Hears nor regards the elemental strife ;  
 But stretch'd, unhappy mourner ! on the ground,  
 Bends o'er the dead, and kisses ev'ry wound.  
 In vain the rising morn dispels the dew,  
 The rising morn beholds her grief renew ;  
 In vain returning shades of night descend,  
 No shades of night shall give her sorrows end ;  
 Till Death, in pity, wings his blunted dart,  
 And life's last tide is frozen at her heart.

O fatal fields ! tho' many a warrior's ghost  
 Has wing'd his flight untimely from your coast ;  
 Did you e'er view a nobler victim slain,  
 To glut the bloody rites of Freedom's fane,  
 Than when the valiant Laurens met his doom,  
 And sunk, lamented, to an early tomb ?

AN ELEGY

TO A YOUNG LADY.

YET once again, in yonder myrtle bow'rs,  
Whence rose-lipp'd zephyrs, hov'ring, shed perfume,  
I weave the painted radiance of the flow'rs,  
And press coy Nature in her days of bloom.

Shall she, benignant, to the wond'ring eyes  
Of the lone hermit all her charms unfold?  
Or, gemm'd with dew, bid her gay florets rise  
To grace the rustic master of the fold?

Shall *these* possess her bright, her fragrant store,  
*These* snatch the wreath, by plastic Nature wove,  
Nor wanton summer yield one garland more  
To grace the bosom of the nymph I love?

For

For she shall come ; with her each sister grace,  
With her the kindred pow'rs of harmony,  
The deep recesses of the grove shall trace,  
And hang with flow'rs each consecrated tree.

Blithe Fancy too shall spread her glitt'ring plumes,  
She loves the white cliffs of Britannia's isle,  
She loves the spot where infant Genius blooms,  
She loves the spot, where Peace and Freedom smile.

Unless her aid the mimic queen bestow,  
In vain fresh garlands the low vales adorn ;  
In vain with brighter tints the florets glow,  
Or dewdrops sparkle on the brow of morn.

Opes not one blossom to the spicy gale,  
'Throws not one elm its moss-wreath'd branches wide,  
Wanders no rill thro' the luxuriant vale,  
Or, glist'ning, rushes down the mountain side,

But thither, with the morning's earliest ray,  
Fancy has wing'd her ever-mazy flight,  
To hymn wild carols to returning day,  
And catch the fairest beams of orient light.

Proud

Proud of the theft she mounts her lucid car,  
Her car the rainbow's painted arch supplies ;  
Her swift wing'd steeds unnumber'd loves prepare,  
An countless zephyrs waft her thro' the skies.

There, while her bright wheels pause in cloudless air,  
She waves the magic sceptre of command,  
And all her flatt'ring visions, wild as fair,  
Start into life beneath the potent wand.

Here, proudly nodding o'er the vale below,  
High rocks of pearl reflect the morning ray,  
Whence gushing streams of azure nectar flow,  
And tinge the trickling herbage on their way.

These, cull'd from ev'ry mountain, ev'ry plain,  
Perennial flow'rs the ambient air perfume,  
Far off stern Boreas holds his drear domain,  
Nor chains the streams, nor blights the sacred bloom.

Thro' all the year, in copse and tangled dale,  
Lone Philomel her song to Venus pours,  
What time pale Ev'ning spreads the dewy veil,  
What time the red Morn blushes on the shores.

Illusive visions ! O, not here,—not here,  
Does Spring eternal hold her placid reign,  
Already Boreas chills the alt'ring year,  
And blasts the purple daughters of the plain.

So fade my promis'd joys !—fair scenes of bliss,  
Ideal scenes, too long believ'd in vain,  
Plung'd down and swallow'd deep in Time's abyss !—  
So veering Chance, and ruthless fates ordain.

Thee, Laura, thee, by fount, or mazy stream,  
Or thicket rude, unpress'd by human feet,  
I sigh, unheeded, to the moon's pale beam ;  
Thee, Laura, thee, the echoing hills repeat.

Oh ! long of billows wild, and winds the sport,  
Seize, seize the safe asylum that remains !  
Here Truth, Love, Freedom, Innocence resort,  
And offer long oblivion to thy pains.

When panting, gasping, breathless, on the strand  
The shipwreck'd mariner reclines his breast,  
Say, shall he scorn the hospitable hand,  
That points to safety, liberty, and rest ?



But *thou*, too soon forgetful of past woe,  
Again would'st tempt the winds, and treacherous sea;  
Ah! shall the raging blast forget to blow,  
Shall ev'ry wintry storm be hush'd for thee?

Not so! I dread the elemental war,  
Too soon, too soon the calm, deceitful, flies;  
I hear the blast come whistling from afar,  
I see the tempest gath'ring in the skies.

Yet let the tempest roar!—love scorns all harms,  
I plunge amid the storm, resolv'd to save;  
This hour, at least, I clasp thee in my arms,  
The *next let* ruin join us in the grave.

V E R S E S,

ADDRESSED

T O F R E E D O M.

———“ A most notorious villain,  
To see the sufferings of my fellow creatures,  
And own myself a man ; to see our senators  
Cheat the deluded people with a shew  
Of Liberty, which yet they ne’er must taste of.”

*Venice Preserved.*

W H E T H E R reclining on the mouldering tomb  
Of murder’d Brutus, where Italia’s shore,  
Dash’d by the foaming deep, exalts her head  
Above the raging waves, thou mourn’st the cries  
Of Virtue sinking with his Cato’s fall ;  
Or brooding o’er the ruins of thy Greece,  
Sit’st in triumphant state on the wild rocks,  
Which overhang, with gloomy shade, the fields  
Of slaughter dy’d Thermopylæ ; what time

The North-wind rages o'er the swelling seas,  
 And howls along the main : while equal horrors  
 Rise in thy mind, and wake its slumbering fires.  
 Where'er thou deign'st to dwell, from war, from death,  
 From gasping Patriots, and self-murder'd Chiefs,  
 Once more, O Goddess ! spread thy fostering plumes,  
 And wing thy rapid way along the sky  
 To Gallia's shores ; with thee the sister arts,  
 With thee shall science swell her letter'd page,  
 Rich with the spoils of Time, while Virtue's hand  
 Expands the Laws of Heaven to human kind.  
 Fragrant the morning breathes along the vale ;  
 Soft trill the mountain lark's aerial notes ;  
 The swallow twitters from her straw-built nest,  
 While the white swan, with more majestic pride,  
 Exalts her snowy breast above the wave,  
 And stems the sun gilt pool ; for thou art there,  
 Thy presence animates the glowing fields,  
 Smiles through the grove, upborne on Zephyr's wing,  
 And dances on the stream ; the finny race  
 Catch the soft joy, and with transparent fins  
 Now cut the surface of the glassy flood,  
 Now plunge amidst the deeps, then rising dart  
 Their silver brightness into upper air :  
 'Tis Heaven born Liberty inspires the whole.

The various animals upon the earth,  
 With those that skim the air, or dive the main,  
 Thy potent magic influence obey.  
 The first chief principle of all around,  
 To Freedom stamp'd by Nature's forming hand ;  
 Her characters indelible inspire,  
 A love superior to the life, which breathes  
 Through the dull clod, and animates *their* clay.  
 Thine, Goddess, is the chain, whose stable force  
 Connects the world, and like the central point  
 Attracts all earthly beings to itself,  
 With unresisting power, eternal sway !  
 Beneath the fiery radiance of the sun,  
 Where glow the Lybian plains, and torrid zone,  
 Where nor green tree, with wide extended shade,  
 Invites the traveller to calm repose ;  
 Nor bubbling fountain murmurs in the ear  
 With health distilling draughts, but endless plagues  
 Rage o'er the barren soil, and whirlwinds sweep  
 The gath'ring atoms of collected sands  
 Along the groaning desert, there, e'en there,  
 Thy voice still echoes through the gloomy wilds,  
 And fires the serpent's rage. Aloft he rears  
 His shining back, which with resplendent scales

Reflects the dazzling ray ; dreadful he gleams  
 Along the scorching waste, with monst'rous folds,  
 Threat'ning destruction ; from his angry eyes  
 Flash sparks of horrid flame ; so thro' the sky  
 The Comet rolls an hideous length, around  
 Shrink the pale stars before its baneful fires.  
 Instinct through all is free, but man alone  
 The boasted Lord of Reason bows before  
 Ambition's tott'ring mound, submits his back  
 And bears the oppressive load : the fierce driver  
 (Proudly exulting) shakes the whirling whip,  
 And strains the tight'ning rein : around him throng  
 The many headed crowd, while senators,  
 Tribunes, prefects, nay and soldiers too,  
 Deify a foreign base usurper,  
 For his *treachery*, and emulously strive  
 To pave his way to empire, pleas'd to shew  
 Their badge of baseness, and unmanly chains.  
 How long, O Goddess, shall France mourn in vain  
 Thy sacred presence, and with fruitless rage  
*Strain the vile bonds, which bind her fast to shame ?*  
 But why in vain ? Yet, yet, the freeborn soul,  
 Shall rise vindictive, triumph o'er her chains,  
 Replume her soaring wings, re-urge her flight,

And

And trample on oppression : like the flame  
 Which heap'd with crackling faggots yields awhile,  
 Till bursting sudden through the opposing pile,  
 Again it blazes in the face of day  
 With tenfold rage, not vanquish'd, but oppress'd.  
 Tremble ye sons of Rapine, tremble all  
 Who dare betray their country ; venal souls  
 Whose God is gain ! who dare to hear the cries  
 Of Liberty, nor hasten to her aid.  
 How shall ye meet her frown ? How stand the shock,  
 When arm'd with terror, and array'd in light,  
 She marches forth, her head above the clouds,  
 And shakes the dreadful lash of Conscience down ?  
 Down to the depths of hell ; bid mountains crush,  
 Seas swell, and billows rise to hide your crimes ;  
 Bid night obscure them in her murky veil,  
 And clouds of ten-fold darkness Chaos press,  
 Amidst the fall of worlds, and general wreck.  
 In vain, where e'er she comes, gloom disappears,  
 Seas part their waves, and leave the wond'ring shores  
 Forth from the black abyss, and formless mass,  
 Perennial Beauty smiles, and Order lifts  
 Her blooming head, with verdant laurels crown'd.

O Goddess from the uncultur'd wild,  
 Where thron'd in savage state, thou smil'st to see  
 The untutor'd Indian hurl his flint arm'd spear,  
 And mock at tortures, with a soul more firm  
 Than all the boasted heroes, which adorn  
 The annals of antiquity, what time  
 The Roman greatness aw'd the cowering world,  
 Hast thou, and dreadful cast thy vengeful bolt ;  
 Dash Gallia's treach'rous spoilers from their pride ;  
 Give independance to her conquer'd states.  
 On the firm base of justice, truth, and virtue,  
 Re-mould her present abject government.  
 Grant her a less tyrannick monarchy,  
 A sovereign, mild, fix'd, hereditary,  
 One too selected from the Bourbon race,  
 Grant this, if not for *their* superior merit,  
 In pity to good Louis' *unjust suff'rings*,  
 Then re-instate thy long expected sway,  
 To rule mankind, and bid the world adore.

VERSES

*Addressed to a Young Lady, by the same, 1775.*

INNOCENT and mildly gay,  
As flow'rs that deck the brow of May,  
Cheeks that shame the op'ning rose,  
And bosom where the lilly blows,  
Ev'ry love and ev'ry grace,  
Are seen in Hannah's form and face;  
But ah! what words can paint her mind,  
By ev'ry gentle art refin'd?  
Dignity with female ease,  
The will with all the pow'rs to please!  
Syren sounds that charm the ear,  
Wisdom that the sage might hear!  
Sounds where Venus did impart  
All her own resistless art,

And



And tempt the good, the wise, the brave,  
 To wear her chains, and be a slave.  
 Pity that misfortune nigh,  
 Melts with tears the glist'ning eye,  
 And matchless faith untaught to range,  
 And constancy that knows no change !,  
 O what happy youth shall be,  
 Destin'd lovely maid for thee ?  
 For him the rosy pinion'd hours  
 Shall strew life's thorny path with flow'rs ;  
 Ev'ry smiling morn shall bring  
 Matchless blessings on its wing !  
 And each returning ev'ning shed  
 Content and peace, to smooth his bed !  
 But I, alas ! must see those charms  
 Consign'd to bless another's arms !  
 Perhaps some more accomplish'd youth,  
 That wants my tenderness and truth !  
 Whose breast ne'er knew the secret pain,  
 To love like me, and love in vain,

IN PRAISE OF  
HORATIUS COCLES.

*A celebrated Roman, the prototype, I trust, of almost every armed Citizen of the British Empire, as almost every armed British Citizen would. I have no doubt, on a similar occasion, an event scarce possible to happen, prove himself an Horatius Coclcs, or an Horatio Nelson.*

YET a short space, and o'er the fatal ground  
Destructive Mars shall deal his shafts around ;  
While Death, exulting o'er the streaming plain,  
Grows rich in blood, and riots in the slain.  
In close wedg'd ranks advance the hostile Powers,  
And pale Rome trembles from her loftiest tow'rs.  
What then, shall fell ambition swallow all,  
Shall haughty Tarquin reign, and Freedom fall ?  
Shall Rome now feel a tyrant's vengeful blow,  
And plunge still deeper in the gulph of woe ?  
Forbid it, Heav'n ! thou too Porsenna spare,  
If suff'ring Virtue can deserve thy care !  
Yet, yet be firm and dare the storm ! thy fate  
Shall rise *superior* to the *tyrant's* hate,

Shali

Shall meet the rapid whirlwind in its course,  
 Nor *fear unequal arms, or mightier force.*  
 Thus 'midst the wintry storms, while Boreas flies  
 O'er groaning earth, and shoots athwart the skies;  
 While the pale garden withers, by its side  
 Blooms the green fir-tree in perennial pride.  
 Fair Virtue interpos'd, her succour gave,  
 And snatch'd her fav'rite from oblivion's wave.  
 Enthron'd in Heaven, with a prophetic mind,  
 She saw proud banners waving in the wind;  
 Saw nodding helmets, close compacted shields,  
 And Tarquin's legions scou'ring o'er the fields.  
 Swift as the lightning, flew the heav'nly guest,  
 And fix'd her dwelling in Cocles's breast.  
 Here while her potent force the soul inspires,  
 Horatius burns with more than mortal fires.  
 Thus thro' the mantling gloom, and shades of night,  
 Shines pallid Cynthia, with reflected light,  
 And cheers the dusky orb; with gentle beam  
 Gilds the dark trees, and dances on the stream.  
 But panick struck, behold the Romans fly,  
 The battle rages, and the foe draws nigh,

While

While Cocles leaning on his warlike spear,  
 Thus reasons with himself, unmov'd by fear;  
 " Should force united, vet'ran legions fail,  
 Can single valour turn the sinking scale ;  
 Alone, unaided shall I dare to stand,  
 And meet the fury of yon hostile band ?  
 Or to insulting Tarquin yield the day,  
 And follow where Rome's warriors lead the way,  
 Fly to the city with unmanly dread,  
 By base born fear, and coward terrors led :  
 Where trembling temples from their spiry height,  
 Where Gods and Liberty upbraid my flight ;  
 No : dearer than myself, and father's shade,  
 When Rome and Liberty demand my aid,  
 Not like a coward shall Horatius fly  
 The field, where glory calls, and fear to die.  
 If to a tyrant such success is giv'n,  
 If Liberty can find no friend in Heav'n,  
 If to my pray'rs averse, the God's command  
 That Rome must perish, by a tyrant's hand,  
 That foreign hands must wrap her tow'rs in flame;  
*Let me first fall, nor view my country's shame ;*  
 Dash'd on some rock, which, while rough whirlwinds blow,  
 Frowns dreadful on the wat'ry plains below ;

'Midst

'Midst adverse legions and encount'ring foes,  
Where the fight rages, and the battle glows,  
With dauntless heart to perish do I go."

The hero spoke, then rush'd upon the foe,  
And pois'd the dart of death, 'and twang'd the deadly }  
bow.

## AN APOLOGY.

SEEING with the partial eye of enthusiastic Friendship, I can discern very few defects in the following Poetry of Mrs. Day, but to those who see through a different medium, I think it necessary to say this, which I can vouch for the truth of; that Mrs. Day wrote almost all the following pieces of Poetry, between eleven and fifteen, during her vacations from Mrs. Dennis's justly celebrated Female Boarding School, in Queen-Square, and therefore, her juvenile age, and her having no professional Master or Mistress to correct what she had written, will, I trust, be a sufficient apology for any imperfections that may appear in the language, versification, or ideas.

As to her Themes, and miscellaneous Prose productions, which I mean to publish some time or other, Mrs. Day, or more properly speaking, Miss Milnes, wrote with such fluency and perspicuity, that they required scarce any correcting. The clearness and fertility of her understanding, her chaste judgment, and volubility of language, made her almost infallible in Prose.

Like Cowley, the Muse inspired Miss Milnes at a very early period, but she did not, like that much admired Bard, continue through life to cultivate her genius for making verses. Though she was to her death passionately fond of the poetic Muse, I cannot find a single piece of her Poetry written after sixteen.

Probably Miss Milnes's poetical flowering shrub, never having the oak like vigour of Cowley's, was exhausted by blossoming so early, and from its premature growth, united to its extreme delicacy, the frequent result of shrubs or plants growing too fast, at the first rude touch of envious criticism, shrunk up, withered, and died.

Or, Apollo thinking the poor puny shrub not worth shining upon, might withdraw, in a fit of contemptuous passion, his all fostering rays, and by that, occasion Miss Milnes's poetical blossoms, like the flower of the convolvulus, to close their petals, as if for grief at the sun's departure. And her poetical shrub might not re-blossom, because Apollo seemed, in her mind, to have set, never again to irradiate her Muse.

Indeed, it is most probable Miss Milnes, being naturally very diffident, had such a humble opinion of her poetical talents, as induced her to imagine she should never arrive at that perfection she wished to attain to, in every thing where the mind was concerned, and therefore bid an eternal adieu to poetising.

From whatever cause it has proceeded, I must own I have been equally astonished and sorry that so early a poetical impulse, and of so promising a nature, should have been so soon blighted; and I was the more surprised, as Master Apollo has not deigned to illumine my poetry for some years, if ever he darted a single ray of light upon it, which I much doubt myself, when I read it;



yet I have endeavoured occasionally to supply the want of his cherishing beams, by working up my poetical fervor to an unusual glow ; from thinking, whatever other people may imagine, that I have by fits and starts, a tolerable good knack at versifying, and possess some small share of poetic fire.

I shall incorporate Mrs. Day's poetry with her Husband's, by numbering the pages as if it were a continuation of his, (though all Mr. Day's detached pieces of poetry worth publishing I have now printed,) because, as in life their whole souls were wrapped up in each other, I think it congenial with their mutual ardent affection, that their minds embodied, as it were, by printing their poetry, should appear united upon paper ; and I am sure, if their departed spirits could see what was doing here below, and had no objection to my printing a few of their poetical blossoms, they would approve of such an union.

It was from the extraordinary similarity in their taste, disposition, and understanding, from their hearts and minds being so exactly in unison, that I have not written

an

an epitaph or memento of Mrs. Day's death, and not from want of poetic inspiration, or zealous affection ; I considered an epitaph on her, would be only an enumeration of similar virtuous qualities with those of her deceased Husband, and therefore, though her death was as heartfelt, irreparable a loss to her friends as her Husband's to his, I did not give way to the impulse of grief by writing one, supposing what I had said of Mr. Day's mind and disposition in my epitaph upon him, would apply as much to his surviving wife, as to himself, touching all those excellent and great mental qualifications, which may be alike possessed by either sex. I have therefore always considered my verses on Mr. Day's death, in some measure as applicable to both.

The pleasing simplicity which prevails through Mrs. Day's poetry, whatever its poetical merits may be, is an exact and faithful representation of the genuine goodness of her heart, and the unaffected simplicity of her manners, as all who had the pleasure of knowing her will acknowledge ; which characteristic occasioned her an unusual number of sincere female friends, ardent in their friendship to her, as the sun at noon-day. Her

piety too, which forms so distinguishing a feature in almost all her juvenile productions, appears as ardent as their friendship:

That her friendship kept pace with that of her friends, and throbbed with as strong and quick pulses, I am thoroughly convinced of from my own experience.

*Characters of some of Mrs. Day's most intimate Friends, written when she was fourteen.*

---

## CHARACTER OF MISS A. W.

A PURE exalted Soul, that's richly fraught  
 With native sense, and dignity of thought :  
 Tun'd to those finer feelings of the breast,  
 By numbers feign'd, but ah ! by few possess'd.  
 Her's, tender softness mix'd with gen'rous fire,  
 And all that heartfelt goodness can inspire.  
 Her friendship strong, and ardent as her soul,  
 Fix'd as magnetic needle to the Pole ;  
 Whilst scorning all the varying forms of art,  
 Truth is the sacred inmate of her heart.  
 Thus would my pen that mental image trace,  
 Which nothing e'er can from my mind efface.

## CHARACTER OF MISS P. W.

IN her the head and heart their treasures blend,  
 With sense to charm, and worth to fix the friend,  
 Enlighten'd knowledge, deep reflexion join'd  
 To polish'd taste, and elegance of mind.  
 Her virtues flow, pure from their parent source,  
 Religion's vital, animating force ;  
 And all her passions Reason's voice obey,  
 The willing captives of such gentle sway.  
 Tho' oft unable to relieve distress,  
 She feels the warm expanded wish to bless,  
 That sacred wish ascends the realms above,  
 A grateful offering to the God of Love.

## CHARACTER OF

MRS. M.

**H**ER breast is Virtue's mansion, where we find  
 Each bright intrinsic jewel of the mind.  
 There humble wisdom, piety reside,  
 Sweet artless goodness, unalloy'd with pride,  
 Indulgent candour, which delights to praise,  
 To veil a weakness, and a virtue raise,  
 A patient mildness, from resentment free,  
 Quick to forgive offence, and slow to see.  
 A Christian temper, studious to compose  
 The jarring passions of mistaken foes ;  
 Blest by the lips of him whose soul was love,  
 And all the gentle meekness of the dove ;  
 This groupe of moral graces, to complete,  
 Her heart is love's, maternal friendship's seat,

## CHARACTER OF MRS. J. K.

**B**LEST with a spotless heart, a judgment clear,  
 Tho' learned humble, tho' polite sincere ;  
 Cheerful as sprightly youth, discreet and sage  
 As deep discerning, all experienc'd age ;  
 Tender and soft as woman ought to be,  
 And yet from ev'ry female weakness free ;  
 Her soul adorn'd with native strength of thought,  
 And with each elegant refinement fraught.  
 Her piety a principle divine,  
 Which does in living, active goodness shine,  
 No rigid melancholy aspect wears,  
 But drest in smiles, its genuine garb, appears.  
 How sweetly she exerts her utmost pow'rs,  
 To gild an aged parent's joyless hours,  
 Tries with endearing heart to soothe her pains !  
 And bless declining worn-out life's remains :  
 Such Delia is, oh ! be she ever blest !  
 But blest she must be, her applauding breast,  
 'That pleasing source of ev'ry new delight,  
 Will brighten weeping sorrow's dismal night,  
 Or the dull languid bed of sickness cheer,  
 Soften each pang, and tranquillize each fear.

CHARACTER

## CHARACTER OF THE

REV. MR. T.

A SOUL enlarg'd, above each selfish aim,  
 Which soars to loftier views than mortal fame ;  
 In whom the various sciences unite,  
 To beam with soften'd, and instructive light ;  
 The Saint, and the Philosopher combine,  
 And all Religion's mildest beauties shine.  
 While from his lips, fair truth and knowledge flow,  
 Too great, too wise, for learned pomp, and show,  
 —We see the Christian's unassuming grace,  
 Adorn his manners, stamp'd upon his face.  
 The warm diffusive love of human kind,  
 Sweetens, expands, and elevates his mind.  
 He can with noble scorn of baseness glow,  
 Yet melt with pity for another's woe.  
 A faithful pattern of his heav'nly Lord,  
 At once he teaches, practises his Word.  
 The man, the preacher, both conspire to prove,  
 The Gospel breathes Benevolence, and Love.

TO



TO MISS W.  
WITH MY PICTURE,

THOU child of painting's mimic pencil go,  
A well known face to dear Alicia shew,  
And could thy lips by magic influence move,  
Thou should'st declare my cordial friendly love.  
Tho' not encircled with the diamond's blaze,  
The glowing ruby, or the em'rald's rays,  
I know to souls like her's, a faithful friend  
Does all luxurious grandeur's gems transcend,  
And she the humble gift will fondly prize,  
That holds a friend's resemblance to her eyes.  
Oh! may it call our social hours to mind,  
Revive each pleasing trace they left behind;  
While faithful images of past delight,  
Rise in succession to her mental sight;

Our

Our winter ev'nings rational, and gay,  
 Which converse, books, so sweetly stole away ;  
 When fair historic Truth enlarg'd our views,  
 Or tun'd to rapture by the heav'nly muse,  
 We tasted pleasures only friendship knows,  
 Beyond whate'er from dissipation flows.  
 And sure my friend's affection will suggest,  
 The same fond ardent wish which warms my breast,  
 That we may shortly meet, and Friendship's pow'r  
 Again lend downy wings to many an hour.

## VERSES WRITTEN IN A GARDEN,

*When Miss M. was not more than twelve years of age.*

ONCE on a day, when Sol's bright beam  
 Made ev'ry thing more beauteous seem,  
 When Nature's face serenely smil'd,  
 A father, with his only child,  
 Walk'd in a garden's soft retreat,  
 Of ev'ry blooming grace the seat ;  
 Where the fond parent silence broke,  
 And thus to his fair daughter spoke.  
 " You see this garden now, my dear,  
 Where choicest flow'rs and shrubs appear ;  
 Where Art and Nature both combine ;  
 On ev'ry spot some beauties shine.  
 This does most evidently shew  
 What we to care and culture owe.  
 Your mind will no less care demand,  
 Yes, culture's finest, nicest hand

Should

Should nurse the seeds of wisdom, worth,  
 And call each fair production forth :  
 For what avails the happiest soil,  
 If we bestow not useful toil ?  
 Tho' noblest plants might flourish there,  
 Yet when neglected, weeds appear.  
 Regard yon op'ning rose, he cry'd,  
 See how it blooms in beauteous pride,  
 The fairest of the flow'ry race,  
 Adorn'd with each attractive grace :  
 But ah ! what now so charms thy eye,  
 Will soon, alas ! ungather'd die ;  
 Or by some hand be snatch'd away,  
 Perhaps some child's, in harmless play ;  
 Thus 'tis with each external charm,  
 The transient beauties of a form,  
 Soon they desert the brightest maid,  
 And all her vain attractions fade.  
 Then while improvement's in thy pow'r,  
 Seek *virtue*, that *immortal flow'r* :  
 It yields, my Child, the best perfume,  
 And wears an undecaying bloom,  
 It will survive e'en nature, time,  
 And flourish in a heav'nly clime.

Sipping each flow'r, behold yon bee,  
 An emblem of man's industry;  
 Whilst now the sun with gentle ray,  
 Serenely gilds the beauteous day,  
 From flow'r to flow'r how does she fly,  
 And load with sweets her little thigh !  
 Each shrub, each plant how she explores,  
 And gently sucks their fragrant stores !  
 Of youth's bright sunshine profit then,  
 It ne'er, alas ! will come again.  
 Of the fair season make the most,  
 And let it not be idly lost.  
 With wisdom's sweets, oh, store thy mind,  
 Her honey thou in age wilt find.  
 You see, if we attentive look,  
 On Nature's universal book,  
 We may the finest lessons learn,  
 And wisdom's characters discern ;  
 In plants and flow'rs instruction find ;  
 An insect can inform the mind,  
 And ev'ry thing in nature may,  
 Some useful, moral truth convey."

*To Miss M.'s*

BROTHER IN LAW, MR. L.

*Written when she was about fifteen.*

YOU say, when pierc'd with pow'rful Cupid's dart,  
No more I'll cherish Thyrsis in my heart ;  
If true, oh, never, never, may I prove,  
The force tyrannic of imperious love.  
Approach me not, monopolizing guest,  
If thou must banish Friendship from my breast ;  
For genuine Friendship is a sacred flame,  
Which not the strictest purity can blame.  
Long be thy friendly converse Thyrsis mine,  
Which spotless virtue, polish'd sense refine.  
And when sharp sorrow wounds thy feeling heart,  
Then let me bear a sympathising part.  
Yes, be it my delightful task, to cheer  
Thy upright mind, and wipe the dewy tear,  
Assuage thy grief, with comfort's healing balm,  
And hush thy ev'ry tempest to a calm:  
May I each kind, parental office share,  
And guard thy offspring with maternal care.

Oh,

Oh, with what nameless joy shall I behold  
 Gradual, their tender, infant minds unfold !  
 Whilst thou do'st nurse their intellectual seeds,  
 And train them up to moral, manly deeds,  
 Illume their souls with wisdom's heav'nly ray,  
 And guide their steps to Virtue's sacred way.  
 Thus blest, my friend, what more can earth bestow,  
 What purer bliss can thy Louisa know ?  
 Oh ! 'tis a bliss superior far to all  
 The world's unthinking vot'ries pleasure call.  
 Permit me now, dear Thyrsis, in thine ear,  
 To breathe the wishes of a heart sincere.  
 ' May'st thou be blest with blooming, constant health,  
 And ev'ry joy that flows from mod'rate wealth.  
 May all thy days of life serenely roll,  
 And bright Contentment sweetly gild thy soul.  
 At length arriv'd at life's remotest stage,  
 Mature in ev'ry virtue, as in age,  
 May'st thou with calmness yield thy parting breath,  
 And gently sink into the shades of death.  
 Then thy freed spirit, wing its eagle flight,  
 To the bright regions of eternal light ;  
 There meet enraptur'd, thy lamented wife,  
 Once the sweet solace of her partner's life.\*

*The following, written after the purchase of*

# TRISTRAM SHANDY,

*Written by Miss M. when about sixteen.*

AS high on his celestial throne,  
 The great Apollo radiant shone,  
 Surrounded by the sacred Nine,  
 The Graces and the Arts divine;  
 Whilst balmy, swift-wing'd Zephyrs bear  
 The pray'rs of mortals to his ear,  
 Who court his bright inspiring flame  
 To crown their work, with deathless fame;  
 A white rob'd Nymph, with blushing face,  
 With downcast eyes, and modest grace,  
 Her charms obscur'd by sorrow's cloud,  
 Before the Godhead humbly bow'd.  
 With soft timidity she spoke,  
 And thus the gen'ral silence broke.  
 ' Great God of wit, so much ador'd,  
 By thousands honor'd, and implor'd;  
 Dread infamy is in thy frown,  
 And in thy gracious smiles renown;

E

But



But say, will bright Apollo deign  
 T' inspire the wanton and obscene ;  
 Will he not blast them with his ire ?  
 And ne'er bestow his heav'nly fire,  
 On those who Chastity profane,  
 My snow white mantle rudely stain,  
 And tear my hallow'd veil away,  
 To which the virtuous rev'rence pay.  
 One son, one darling son is thine,  
 In whom thy gifts celestial shine,  
 Whose wit is brilliant, as thy rays,  
 And rapid as the lightning's blaze ;  
 But oft his wit provokes my rage,  
 Licentiousness pollutes his page,  
 He wantonly affronts my laws,  
 And so betrays fair Virtue's cause:  
 I come thus injur'd to complain,  
 Apollo, at thy awful fane.'  
 Apollo to the lovely maid,  
 With mild benignant aspect said,  
 ' I hear with grief thy just complaints,  
 Yorick, I grant, too loosely paints.'  
 Then waving gracefully his hand,  
 To one amidst his heav'nly band,

He cried, 'assert thy fav'rite's part,  
 Inspirer of the feeling heart.'  
 Lo ! she appear'd divinely fair,  
 Distinguish'd by the pensive air,  
 The piercing look, the glist'ning eye,  
 The trickling tear, and heaving sigh.  
 She said, with charming, plaintive tone,  
 Peculiar to herself alone,  
 ' Oh Yorick, born to teach mankind,  
 Godlike benevolence of mind ;  
 What soul affecting pow'rs are thine !  
 What strokes of tenderness divine !  
 Thy force the melting bosom feels,  
 As down the cheek sweet sorrow steals,  
 And with still eloquence bestows  
 A nobler praise, than language knows ;  
 Tell me, whoe'er unmov'd has read  
 Of poor Le Fevre, on his sick bed !  
 What hearts but with warm pity glow,  
 At fond Maria's tale of woe !  
 'Then be not, Chastity, severe,  
 But shed Compassion's balmy tear,  
 (Like Sterne's recording angel) o'er  
 'Those frailties which the good deplore.'

## A P R A Y E R,

*Written by Miss M. when about fourteen.*

**T**HOU everlasting Lord of Heav'n and Earth,  
 Who gav'st the beauteous form of Nature birth;  
 At whose command, this globe from nothing sprung,  
 When all the stars for joy together sung;  
 Whose pow'r divine compos'd the human frame,  
 And breath'd therein, the soul's celestial flame;  
 On whom mortality's frail race depend,  
 Before thy dread majestic throne I bend.  
 Benign celestial Parent! deign to hear  
 My supplication with a gracious ear;  
 Oh! in the days of giddy, wand'ring youth,  
 May I remember Thee, great God of Truth!  
 Beware of pleasure's vain, deceitful wiles,  
 When drest in all her captivating smiles,  
 She tries to alienate my heart from Thee,  
 And make my feet from paths of wisdom flee.

How

How vain the utmost joys that earth can boast,  
 If thy soul gladd'ning approbation's lost.  
 Without thy favor, what is all below ?  
 Wealth is but poverty, and grandeur woe ;  
 Ne'er may I do thy will thro' servile fear,  
 But genuine love, and gratitude sincere,  
 Still may their silken cords my service bind,  
 Their nobler motives rule my willing mind ;  
 Since too exalted thy unerring ways,  
 Too much bewilder'd in a seeming maze,  
 To be in this dark being understood,  
 May I, O Lord, omniscient and good,  
 Not blindly censure, what I can't explore,  
 But with a pious confidence adore.  
 May that enlarg'd benevolence be mine,  
 That boundless love, that charity divine,  
 Which from celestial mansions, Jesus brought,  
 By spotless precept, fair example taught :  
 That does each vain distinction nobly shun,  
 And is diffusive, as the glorious sun ;  
 With sweet compassion may my bosom glow,  
 May I delight to soften human woe,  
 Relieve pale want's dejected pining race,  
 And dry the tears that cloud the mourner's face ;

If doom'd myself to feel affliction's smart,  
 And grief's sharp arrows in my bleeding heart,  
 Still may I bless the Author of my pains,  
 Convince'd in all thy dealings, mercy reigns ;  
 Direct my views by faith's enlight'ning ray,  
 To those bright realms of everlasting day,  
 Where fleeting, transient sorrows are repaid,  
 Crown'd with immortal joys, that never fade.  
 May Reason her kind influence maintain,  
 And bind my passions with her golden chain,  
 Each wild desire, each erring wish control,  
 Nor suffer fancy to delude my soul :  
 May she from prejudice my mind defend,  
 And give me Candour, Truth's impartial friend.

## A MORNING HYMN,

*Written by Miss M. when she was between eleven  
and twelve.*

ACCEPT my prayers, O Lord, thou source of light ;  
 Bright Origin of all, from whom proceed  
 The beauteous balmy morn, the radiant noon,  
 The sober eve, and awful midnight gloom.  
 What gratitude should warm, expand my breast,  
 What love, what adoration are thy due,  
 When I reflect thy holy bounteous hand  
 Feeds, and supports me in my waking hours ;  
 And in the silent solemn shades of night  
 With guardian power protects : to Thee I owe  
 Those sound refreshing slumbers that revive  
 My drooping powers, whilst on the restless bed  
 Of torturing pain, slow wasting languishment,  
 Of weeping grief, or deeply gnawing care,  
 Thousands incessant toss, and court in vain

Thy friendly aid, of healing, sweet repose.  
 May I, O Power Beneficent, the days  
 Which thou with cheerful health, and vigour crown'st,  
 In wisdom, goodness, piety employ;  
 Those sacred fountains of unfading bliss.  
 Oh may I, like the sun, whose gentle beams  
 Call me from sloth supine, daily pursue  
 A calm, benignant course, eternal Lord  
 May I, a constant, pleasing series  
 Of sweet duties trace, with the mild light  
 Of pure Religion, moral Virtue shine.  
 Pleas'd to obey my great Creator's laws,  
 And tread serene the Heaven appointed way,  
 Ne'er may I court the vain delusive breath  
 Of mortal praise, but taste the heartfelt joy  
 Which from the conscious self-approving mind  
 Doth sweetly flow ; may I extend my views  
 Beyond the earthly, transient scene of things,  
 To that all perfect state, where Virtue wears  
 A bright immortal crown, where gloomy night  
 Ne'er with her sable mantle can approach,  
 But cheerful day for ever, ever reigns.

*Written*

*Written upon a Storm of*

THUNDER and LIGHTNING,

*By Miss M. when about twelve Years of Age.*

THE dark rob'd tempest cloud's yon azure sky,  
And sits in gloomy majesty enthron'd ;  
Loud o'er our heads tremendous thunder rolls,  
With what keen force the rapid lightning darts,  
And with repeated flashes fiercely glares.  
Upon the dazzled eye now beating rain  
Impetuous pours, and now the rattling hail,  
With all the mingled horrors of a storm ;  
Amid this awful scene my soul confides  
In Nature's Sovereign, whose Almighty hand  
Supports creation's vast, stupendous frame,  
And holds in due subjection every part ;  
Whose wide control the elements confess ;  
He stops great Ocean in his proud career,

‘ Thus



‘ Thus far,’ he cries, ‘ no further shalt thou come,  
 But here thy lofty billows shall be stay’d.’  
 The vast ungovernable sea obeys,  
 The storms that rage at his divine command  
 His sacred voice can hush, at once dispel  
 The awful frowns, which darken Nature’s face,  
 And there diffuse the lovely placid smile:  
 Behold ! the dreadful tempest now is o’er,  
 We breathe a purer, a more balmy air ;  
 More lively verdure decks the smiling earth,  
 And all is calm, beneficent, and gay.  
 May I, if stormy ills obscure my life,  
 Thus in the great First Cause, the King of Kings,  
 Humbly repose, nor ever let the gloom  
 Of dark uncertain doubt, or dire despair  
 O’erwhelm my soul : then purified by storms,  
 My moral day will clearer, calmer shine.  
 For this great truth is sure ; if patient borne  
 The transient woes of this tempestuous world,  
 Then the bright calm of Heaven’s unfading bliss,  
 Will be to all eternity our own.

TO MY BOOKS.

*Written by Miss M. when about fourteen.*

YE dear instructive constant friends,  
Accept a grateful lay,  
For all the moments you have wing'd  
Delightfully away.

Oft has your potent influence charm'd  
Each gloomy thought to rest,  
And moral sense, or sprightly wit,  
Reliev'd my anxious breast.

When Nature's beauties all are chill'd  
By winter's icy hand,  
In you, exhaustless varied springs,  
Of pleasure I command.

The

The flame that warms, the flow'rs that bloom  
In fancy's glowing page,  
You yield in spite of chilling frosts,  
And fierce tempestuous rage.

Not ermin'd grandeur can bestow  
Such genuine, peaceful joys ;  
And more than gems of Indian mines,  
Your sacred stores I prize.

For oft does wealth on rapid wings  
From our possession fly,  
But the enlight'ning truths you teach  
Can never, never die.

In you, past ages I recall,  
Revive the slumb'ring dead,  
And with illustrious souls converse,  
That long from earth have fled.

Since thus you've blest my early youth,  
The morning of my days,  
May you, in late declining life,  
My drooping spirit raise !

TO MISS P.

*Written by Miss M. when about fifteen.*

OH, with what joy those letters I unfold,  
In which thy mental transcript I behold ;  
Where all the pure exalted feelings shine,  
And genuine goodness breathes in ev'ry line.  
How few possess a mind like thee, my friend,  
Where sense, simplicity so sweetly blend.  
If e'er benevolence adorn'd a breast,  
If e'er compassion sweetly painful guest,  
Did in a human bosom gently glow,  
Or from the eye in trickling dew drops flow,  
Sure they in Clara's noble heart reside,  
Her to whom I my ev'ry wish confide.

Soon

Soon must thou leave the wholesome country air,  
 And to more polish'd courtly scenes repair,  
 Where dignified by fashion, folly reigns  
 The Goddess worshipp'd in a thousand fanes ;  
 Who sees with triumph countless numbers own  
 Her boundles sway, and grace her brilliant throne.  
 But still may wisdom on thy steps attend,  
 An ever watchful monitor and friend ;  
 Nor let thy soul immortal and divine,  
 Ignobly bend at fashion's gaudy shrine.  
 Oh ! persevere in heav'nly Virtue's road,  
 And dare t' obey thy Conscience, and thy God !  
 Here, far remov'd from hurry, crowd, and noise,  
 Thy friend a soft tranquillity enjoys ;  
 Here, I the noble works of genius read,  
 And hold sweet converse with th' enlighten'd dead ;  
 With serious pleasure turn th' historic page,  
 And learn th' events of many a backward age,  
 How once bright polish'd Greece, with freedom crown'd,  
 Was for her skill in arts, in arms renown'd,  
 In letters, elegance, unrivall'd shone,  
 But now in bondage doom'd, alas, to groan ;  
 Her ancient valour, and fine arts too fled,  
 Whilst science has withdrawn her laurell'd head.

For

For how should Spartan brav'ry, attic fire,  
 The frigid servile breasts of slaves inspire ;  
 How mighty Rome, the terror of her foes,  
 That great, that world-subduing city rose ;  
 And how with plunder crown'd, and slaughter stain'd,  
 Her glory's-proud meridian she attain'd,  
 'Till from the vain, the dazzling height declin'd,  
 At length she falls a lesson to mankind.  
 Of sublunary grandeur short's the date,  
 Transient the glories of this mortal state.  
 Then Poesy in all her charms divine,  
 Enchants my soul, in Milton's sacred line,  
 Her brightest visions round my fancy play,  
 On rapture's plumes I soar to heav'nly day.  
 Methinks celestial splendors bless my sight,  
 And Seraphs shining with refulgent light,  
 Or scenes of horror this great bard displays,  
 Fill me with pleasing terror, deep amaze,  
 When he sublimely paints, how angels fell;  
 From Heav'n's bright mansions to the depths of Hell.  
 But books, nor present friends can drive away  
 The thoughts of thee, oh dear remembrance, say,  
 Dost thou not oft those pleasing hours retrace,  
 When I beheld my friend's benignant face ;

Heard

Heard her pour forth, without disguise or art,  
Her tender, gen'rous, unpolluted heart ;  
Or sweetly utter those reflexions sage,  
That might have grac'd the lips of riper age:  
The sweet, the soothing hope I'll entertain,  
That soon these pleasures will be mine again ;  
That my lost friend e're long will bless my sight,  
And crown the passing moments with delight.

*No Date to this*

TRANSLATION OF A CELEBRATED  
FRENCH SONNET.

*Of Monsieur des Barreaux.*

IN all thy judgments, mighty God,  
Impartial justice reigns ;  
Yet kind Compassion pleads our cause,  
And mitigates our pains.

But in thy spotless sight, my crimes  
So heinous must appear,  
That sweet celestial Clemency,  
Would wound thy justice here.

Yes, I have sinn'd, alas ! beyond  
The vast extent of Grace,  
Vindictive majesty prevails,  
And Mercy hides her face.



Fulfil then, Lord, thy just intent,  
Blast this devoted head,  
Indignant view these burning tears,  
Remorse and anguish shed.

Let thy tremendous justice strike,  
And lay the guilty low ;  
I must in perishing adore,  
The hand which gives the blow.

For where can thy dread thunder fall,  
Upon what place, great God !  
That's not by Jesus cover'd o'er,  
With his own precious blood !

## VENUS AND MINERVA.

*Written at fifteen.*

ONCE in discourse, by Heav'n design'd,  
 Fair Venus and Minerva join'd ;  
 When lovely Venus thus address'd  
 Minerva, whilst her heaving breast,  
 Her falt'ring voice, her gentle air  
 Bespoke a mind, oppress'd with care.  
 " I often with a sigh lament,  
 How seldom you from Heav'n are sent,  
 To add the charms of mental grace,  
 To those I give of shape, and face.  
 Tho' I bestow the finish'd form,  
 The features grac'd with ev'ry charm,  
 The snow-white skin, the sparkling eye,  
 And cheeks that with the roses vie,

Yet

Yet what is beauty's vain pretence,  
 When uninform'd by your good sense?  
 As paintings for a while delight,  
 Whose glowing tints transport the sight,  
 So brilliant beauty shines like these,  
 Nor longer its attractions please.  
 But knowledge, dignity of mind,  
 The graces of a soul refin'd,  
 When thro' the beauteous form they shine,  
 Oh, how your gifts embellish mine!  
 Irradiate each expressive grace,  
 And animate a pretty face.  
 Some few, the happiest of the fair,  
 Our matchless charms *united* share.  
 But why to me such shyness shewn,  
 And of your gifts so sparing grown?  
 Why will not Pallas prove my friend,  
 On all my fav'rite nymphs attend,  
 And with my grace, her wisdom blend?  
 Oh do not thus your virtues spare,  
 But grant Cytherea's fervent pray'r."  
 Minerva smiling, quick replied,  
 "In vain does lovely Venus chide;  
 Nor censure me, nor righteous Heav'n,  
 But thy sweet charms, too freely giv'n.

}

To grant unask'd, thy greatest joy,  
 But know Minerva is more coy,  
 And claims *long courtship* to bestow  
 Those gifts which from her wisdom flow.  
 How oft thy charms too prove a snare,  
 T'entrap the wild unthinking fair,  
 Who flutter in fantastick pride,  
 Pleas'd with a perishing outside ;  
 Enjoy the present, but forget  
 That youth's bright sun e're long will set,  
 That age will deaden beauty's charms,  
 And strip her of her splendid arms.  
 Who seem to think thy gifts suffice,  
 While mine are deem'd of little price,  
 Thoughtless that mine for ever last,  
 While thine as soon as seen, are past.  
 Yes they, on thee alone rely,  
 And let me slip unheeded by:  
 Say, shall I then thy vot'ries aid,  
 Who doom me thus t'oblivion's shade?"  
 " True," replied Venus, " but 'tis fair,  
 Most blame your darling men should bear ;  
 For this I can with justice say,  
 The belles deserve less blame than they ;

Who

Who with smooth flatt'ry's courtier tongue,  
 Feed the vanity of old and young,  
 And like Eve's serpent glide along.

}

Yes, Goddess, 'tis thy fav'rite kind,  
 Taint and destroy the fair one's mind,  
 There plant each folly, to *their shame*,  
 And then *their own* productions blame."

To which, Minerva thus replies,  
 " Were these thy vot'ries truly wise,  
 Vain adulation they'd despise,

}

Treat with contempt each flatt'ring beau,  
 And make all empty coxcombs know,  
 They sense prefer in simplest vest,  
 To folly in embroid'ry drest.

Oh, would the fair but court my aid,  
 Joyful I'd form each blooming maid ;  
 Teach her to charm beyond an hour,

When beauty's transitory flow'r  
 Is wither'd, its fine colours dead,  
 And all its fading honors fled.

Their gentle bosoms I'd inspire,  
 And breathe therein my genuine fire ;  
 Instruct them in my heav'nly lore,  
 Into their minds each virtue pour,

Exalt their souls, their thoughts refine,  
And cherish Virtue's spark divine.

At my impartial glass array'd,  
They would not be so oft betray'd  
By treach'rous Pleasure's tempting snares,  
Or Vanity's fantastick airs.

E'en Flatt'ry's syren voice would prove  
Too weak, th'enlighten'd mind to move,  
All her fallacious arts would fail,  
And be with them of no avail.

No more they'd shun Truth's piercing light,  
Which then would seem divinely bright,  
Pleasing, not hateful to their sight:

}

Thus of Minerva's aid possest,  
With her immortal graces blest,  
Tho' Time despoil'd each outward charm,  
Wrinkled the brow, and bent the form,  
Stole from the cheek its vermeil dye,  
And robb'd the lustre of the eye ;  
'Their minds would sparkle mid the gloom,  
And with eternal beauties bloom.

*An explanatory Note.*

HAVING finished the Poetry of Mr. and Mrs. Day, I shall here observe, it is my intention to publish about one hundred pages of their miscellaneous prose productions, to bind up with the poetry, as the book would be only 71 pages without it. Nor will I shew their talents, or my judgment so much disrespect, to suppose any apology necessary for printing some of their miscellaneous prose. No, this note to the reader is merely meant as an apology for having varied from the general rule of publishing each in separate volumes. It is possible I may add some of my verses, as a make-weight in the scale, but Mr. and Mrs. Day's mental efforts, I can never consider in that light. Indeed, Mr. Day is so celebrated an author, that I am convinced what I have published of his, either prose or verse, will not only be no disparagement to his literary fame, but will prove highly acceptable to the reader. And I am sure those who had the pleasure of being upon terms of intimacy with him will agree, that I have selected such of his prose as is peculiarly characteristic of his singular turn of mind.

THE  
TRIAL OF A. B.

IN THE  
HIGH COURT OF FASHION,

*For several Crimes and Misdemeanors at sundry times  
committed against the Rights and Privileges of the  
said Court.*

THE Court being assembled, (no matter when or where) Sir Richard Pickle, Alderman, Beau Sparkle, Lord Mayor, and Alderman Bluster, took their places as Judges; when immediately the following Charge was exhibited against the Defendant.

“ THAT he the said Defendant, A. B. had at sundry times, been guilty of the highest, and most enormous offences against the dignity and majesty of the Court  
F then



then assembled." To verify this, there was produced the following articles of accusation, all of which it was said could be indisputably proved, by witnesses of the most undoubted veracity: viz.

"That he the said A. B. had often expressed himself in terms of the greatest reproach to, and contempt of the said Court."

"That he acted in every particular in open defiance of the said Court," to prove which, the following facts were produced:

"That in his dress he went remarkably plain."

"That his hair was very seldom curled or powdered."

"That in the management of his house he was notoriously guilty, keeping no more servants than were just necessary, and arbitrarily forbidding, upon pain of dismissal, the use of curling irons, powder, or pomatum."

"That in his furniture he was so remarkably plain, the Plaintiffs verily believe there is not a single bit of expensive plate, china, or carved work about his house."

"That in his table he shewed such an open defiance to the most inviolable laws and ordinances of the Court, he would never dine upon any thing but roast-beef, plumb-pudding, and such other gross and ungenteel food, as all people of fashion have long ago banished from their tables."

"That

“ That not contented with the above high crimes and misdemeanors, and many more too tedious to be now enumerated, he had with all possible care instilled the same absurd and detestable principles into the minds of his children: that to prevent their being better informed, he had most sedulously prevented their going to any of those public amusements, which are the general places of resort for the true friends and dutiful subjects of the high and mighty Court here assembled, and which would sufficiently appear by the looks of the unhappy victims; seeing that the boys were as robust as ploughmen, and the girls, instead of that beautiful salowness which distinguishes people of fashion, had the unbecoming florid complexion of milk-maids. And lastly, not to detain the Court too long, that he prohibited the frequent use of tea and wine in his house; that he and all his family by his instigations and persuasions, were open and avowed enemies to card-playing, dice, operas, drunkenness, horse-races, Italian eunuchs, French valets, French cooks, &c. the amusements and attendants of people of true taste and fashion. That in consideration of the above high crimes

and misdemeanors, by him, and at his instigations committed, the humble Petitioners of the Court, C. D. and E. begged in the most modest and submissive terms, that his estates, real and personal, might be confiscated, and then divided among your Petitioners, in some measure to indemnify them for the great losses they had sustained in the *service* of the Court."

*Being asked of what nature those losses were, which they complained of ; they urged,*

"That though born to equal or superior fortunes to the prisoner then at the bar, they had in less than ten years run them out, in drinking, w——g, horse-racing, dice cards, elections, and other fashionable pleasures, as could be proved by witnesses of the greatest and most undoubted veracity:

*The Jury then entered and took their places, consisting of four dashing Officers of the Guards, a dapper Templar, a buck Parson, and six fine Ladies, all properly accoutred with hoops, rich laces, têtes de diable, swords, bags, &c.*

The prisoner being asked if he had any thing to offer, why sentence should not be pronounced against him,  
according

according to the heinousness of his crimes and misdemeanors, he made the following defence.

“ HIGHLY sensible of the extraordinary lenity and clemency of the honorable Court before which I appear ; I stand up to make a defence of those actions which have been urged against me, as crimes of the deepest dye, and of so black a nature as to call forth all the thunders of impartial justice. If in explaining the motives which have influenced me, the principles upon which I have acted, and the ends which I have pursued through these seemingly illicit and improper means, I should sometimes be compelled to descant with a greater freedom and warmth than may be accounted proper, upon the laws, statutes, and ordinances of the honorable Court before which I am summoned, I hope I shall be forgiven, and that my errors will rather be attributed to the faults of the judgment, than to any obstinate and conscious perversion of the will.

The crimes of which I am accused, seem to be violations of the known and established laws of custom ; now with reverence to the Court, I will boldly affirm, that these laws are entirely imaginary, never have existed

ted, nor will exist, or, if supposed to have any real existence, could not, from the nature of things, be in any degree binding or obligatory.

To constitute a law, I imagine it is absolutely and indispensably necessary, that the majority of any nation or society should acquiesce. The degrees of offence, and punishment must be clearly determined and promulgated, in order that no one through ignorance or error may be obnoxious to the vengeance of his country ; this is the first principle of Nature and of Liberty ; aught contrary to this, is the oppression of tyranny, and the law of slaves."

Here *Sparkle*, the *Lord Mayor*, got up, and with great warmth observed, "that truly he was as great a friend to Liberty as any body, but he didn't know what was meant by the consent of a majority, or principle of Nature ; that for his part he thought Liberty consisted in eating turtle ; and obedience to the Lord Mayor ; and, by G—, gemmen, (added he) whoever says otherwise is a rascal."

His *Lordship* then brandished his fist with such energy, that *Alderman Bluster*, who stood next him, more attentive to the action than the meaning of the orator, thought

thought it best to make a precipitate retreat, and starting back with surprising velocity, overturned *Sir Richard*, who, though *Knight, Baronet, Alderman*, and *Salter*, was forced to measure his length upon the ground, and receive the whole weight of his *Brother Alderman* on his belly.

After the Knight was with great difficulty disengaged and reinstated upon his legs, he began to wipe the dust from his face, and blubbering, piteously cried out,

“ Now pox take this Liberty, I’m sure I never gets any good by it ; the very name of it always makes me tremble like an aspin leaf ; I’m sure its full as bad as popery,—here now, when I wanted to be a Parliament man, the people always used to be flinging things at me, and making fun of me, and making verses, as how my dearie cuckolds me ; but I doesn’t believe any such thing ; and if she does, what’s that to any body else ?—and all this, forsooth, upon account of Liberty,—for my part I thinks the people are all mad ; what Liberty would they have now ? han’t we liberty to eat turtle, as Brother *Sparkle* says ? han’t we liberty to smoke our pipes and go to club ? And you, you great calf, couldn’t ye see where you went to ? D’ye think I’ve stuff’d my  
F 4
belly

belly with so much turtle and custard, only to make a cushion for such a lubber as you?"——

His *Lordship* now, observing his brethren began to grow warm, called out to order, and imposing silence, ordered the prisoner to proceed, who went on in this manner,

“ Taking it for granted then that my definition of a law is just, I go on to observe, that none of the laws of Custom or Fashion, can have the sanction of Nature or Liberty, and consequently cannot be obligatory.

I have long made it my business to find out in what particular the votaries of Custom were agreed ; determined that my concurrence should attend that of the rest of mankind.

Alas, with what difficulty, disgust, and disappointment have my researches been attended ! I observed the dress of the ladies ; but upon that head the whole sex is divided, and split into Factions ; what one nation calls charming, another denominates shocking ; a Tartarian lady would make a ridiculous figure in our assemblies with ornaments hanging to her nose, and an English lady would be as much laughed at in Tartary, for wearing them in her ears. The Negro ladies wear chains upon their legs, the English upon their necks ; and the Caffrenians would  
doubtless



doubtless laugh at our methods of dressing the head, as not being sufficiently greased to eat for breakfast, or to keep out the heat of the sun. Even in the same country the fair ones are sub-divided into factions ; a London and an Exeter lady are as different, as a Chinese and an Hottentot ; and few women are in the same dress two days running.

I consulted the taste of the ladies in other particulars, and found the same want of uniformity ; some ladies think Dutch pugs the sweetest animals in nature, others prefer Italian greyhounds, and I have known ladies who have thought *children* prettier play-things than either.

One lady gives an hundred pounds for a Pagod, or Chinese monster ; a second calls that expence ridiculous, and bestows double the sum upon Tenducci or Guarducci.

One lady doses herself with ratafia, by nine ; another plays at cards till day-light, and a third instead of these delights, prefers the more refined one of walking by moonlight with the captain.

The more material points of life are still less settled than these ; one dies for a gilt coach, and six nag-tailed bays ; another ruins her husband by having things *decent*



in her house ; and a third despises both, provided she can eat green pease at five guineas a pint.

I now proceed to remark, that I could find very little more uniformity in the lives of the male, than in those of the female part of the creation. What one extols, another condemns ; and if there is any unanimity, it is, that every man applauds his own election, and calls the rest of the world, fools.

Let us begin with the army : behold a band of men who give up for a paltry stipend, the common rights to that universal, and generally esteemed unalienable gift of Nature, life : strange that mankind should glory in holding their existence by the tenour of another person's will ; ready to expose it at the word of command, or to wrest it from others, against whom they have not the least plea of injury, or the least cause of hatred.

A soldier's idea of happiness is to adorn his person to what he calls the greatest advantage ; to sit several hours in a day drinking a liquor he dislikes, and which brings on inevitable though gradual ruin to the constitution, for no other end than to produce intoxication, and to excite his passions by every possible method, that he may gratify them, I am sorry to say too frequently at the expence of the most sacred connexions ; (the holy marriage

riage bed, the sanctity of virginity, too often affecting him with no other idea, than as furnishing matter for a display of his abilities, and a subject of triumph.) Which amusements, with dice, cards, billiards, &c. generally fill up his vacant hours till three or four in the morning. So much for the soldier.

Proceed we now to a no less necessary and respectable body of people, those of a mercantile profession ; they laugh at the finery and empty pockets of the captain ; it is sufficient for them that they can afford it, *esse, non videri* ; their idea of the summum bonum is cheating their customers all the morning, overeating themselves at dinner, and sleeping, or at least dozing all the rest of the day.

Here a third body offers itself to our view, the gentry ; and in this may be included the nobility ; but to comprehend these in a general definition is utterly impossible ; a chaos of heterogeneous atoms, never agreeing, never uniting.

Their style of living, their manners, their dress, their tastes totally different : one drinks, one w——s, one games, one sings, another fiddles, a second hunts, a third dances away his estate. What greater Antipodes in Nature than

than the country gentleman, and the fine gentleman? Yet both are in the right, both despise each other; the only difference, one runs out his fortune upon himself, the other upon two nobler species of animals, his dogs and horses.

Mr. \*\*\*\*\* sells his country in the lower house; his Grace does the same in the upper; yet are they agreed? By no means,—the Commoner would be an honest man, could he dine upon less than twenty dishes; and his Grace would scorn to ruin his country, did he not keep running horses.

The very harpies of Government, that prey upon the bowels of their mangled-Country, Contractors, Agents, &c. though uniform in the means, are they uniform in the ends of their villainy? Does not the love of power engage one, the love of pleasure or money a second, or third? Even those who appear to be actuated by the same passion, and the same inclinations, do they not when viewed nearer, resolve themselves into different shades of the same colour, never meeting, never blending?

If this is the case, if all mankind, as well as woman-kind disagree in the most material, as well as the most trivial

trivial parts of life ; if to concur with one, I differ from all the rest, who shall point out those Customs or Fashions which I am to subscribe to ?”

“ Desipiunt omnes. . . . , . . . .

. . . . . Velut Sylvis ubi passim

Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,

Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit ; unus utrique

Error sed variis illudit Partibus.....

(Here it was intimated to the prisoner, that it was thought a very great degree of impiety to talk *Greek* in a Christian country, and that most of the worthy members there assembled, were so far from knowing any thing of an heathen language, that few of them understood their own.)

“ When I saw this, (continued the prisoner) I thought it necessary to have recourse to some other principle as a guide for life ; some principle fixed and unchangeable in its own nature, never fluctuating with external accidents, nor governed by the opinion of others. That principle was Reason ; leaving the multitude to steer  
their

their course by the weatherecks of Fashion, and Custom, I resolved to pursue the determinations of common sense: it was impossible for me to imitate the rest of the world, what mattered it whether the world imitated me.

I have already demonstrated that it was impossible for me to live according to the laws of Custom: I will now recapitulate my life, according to the degree in which I have swerved from, or kept up to the only principle I could adopt.

In the younger part of my life I was a strict votary of temperance; a healthy old age appeared more than an equivalent for abstinence in youth. Even in youth what more miserable and detestable object, than a man incapable of commanding himself, totally engrossed by his own desires; ever gratifying, yet never satisfied; lost to the nobler purposes of life; though we set aside hereafter, common sense will lead us to temperance. In the choice of a wife I was neither biassed by birth, nor riches; of all the imaginary blessings, which the followers of Ixion embrace for realities, nothing sure is so thoroughly ridiculous, as the pretended advantages of birth; in respect to riches, why desire more, when we  
have

have enough ? Every thing beyond a competency as to ourselves, is totally imaginary.

These have been my ideas ; I looked out for a virtuous woman, I thank the Deity, I have succeeded. Since I have been a father my conduct has been uniform. I have, as far as possible, prevented my children from having any idea of the ridiculous distinctions of dress ; why derive pride from the necessities of Nature ? Do additional wants confer happiness ? Or are we rendered so by making trifles necessary to our welfare, which an hundred accidents may render us incapable of obtaining ? If we consult for beauty, it consists in cleanliness and simplicity ; aught beyond is unnatural. A fine lady values herself for her jewels and laces, perhaps a pig may admire itself when it has rolled in the mire ; or a dog in carrion. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* In my table I have been frugal, not avaricious ; it has been always plentifully furnished with plain and wholesome meats ; what more does Nature require ? The glutton, when he has ransacked the four elements to give a momentary titillation to his palate, does he enjoy half the pleasure which the temperate man finds from satisfying his hunger upon a frugal meal ?

“ But

“ But the temperate man puts on the appearance of gluttony, in compliance with what is called Fashion. For what purpose ? Are his companions gluttons ? he will tell you far otherwise ! Why then ransack earth, air, and sea for a dinner ? Can any one be so thoroughly absurd as to suppose there is any thing agreeable, or beautiful in the sight of animals mangled in a thousand different ways, animals that at least had life, had sensation in common with us ? Or is there any thing pleasing in the reflexion that Nature must be depopulated to furnish out a single meal ?

By the same principle do I judge of expence in furniture. With what empty pride, and ill-founded vanity does the master look round upon his gilded play-things ; not considering that could they be the source of *honor* or *reputation* to any body, it must be to the painter or cabinet-maker who invented, and not to the stupid fool who buys them ! Go to such an house, it is to the furniture alone you are introduced ; the wife, the children, are mere cyphers ; it is the chairs, the plate, the pictures, the glasses, the hangings, the china that you must admire ; while the anxious owner stands by, trembling by turns lest you should suffer any of the finery to pass unnoticed,

or



or by any unguarded motion of the hands, the head, the feet, discompose his tapestry, or mingle his pagods with their native dust.

Another article of my accusation is, moderation in respect to servants : if that is a crime I must avow it.— I have always thought that servitude was incompatible with affection ; therefore I was unwilling to multiply the number of my enemies. Besides, what single reason can be given why any man should keep even one servant more than he can find employment for ? Idleness and Virtue are incompatible ; he that keeps servants for any thing but work, makes them vicious. Having thus enumerated those articles of expence which I have avoided as ridiculous and unnecessary, it may be now proper to give some account of the manner in which I have employed that fortune with which the beneficence of Providence has entrusted me.

Conscious that I was designed to promote the happiness of my fellow-creatures, as well of myself, I have made Charity my ruling principle ; not that proud and ostentatious Charity which delights in founding hospitals, and endowing colleges, where the never-before honored name of the donor, is blazoned forth to eternity in adulative inscriptions : but that placid, unambitious



benevolence, which gliding on like a gentle stream, uncelebrated and unknown, delights to scatter blessings upon mankind in obscurity.—I have employed the vigorous, I have clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and relieved the sick : I have never been severe except to Vice ; I have promoted the love of decency, the love of temperance, and the love of my country ; I have at least inspired my children with that enthusiastic love of Virtue, with that sacred ardor for the Laws and Liberties of their Country, which so eminently distinguished the ages of the Greek and Roman republics ; they would rather die than see it enslaved, and esteem themselves happier in a virtuous death, than all the honors with which a tyrant delights to grace his minions.

My daughters glow with the same generous principles, as far as is consistent with their sex : they have learned that the greatest ornaments to a woman are simplicity, modesty, and obedience ; they have indeed never acquired those noble accomplishments which are founded upon the destruction of decency ; they have never frequented the assemblies of the gay and the idle : they have been little used to the company even of their own sex, lest like their own sex they should acquire a taste for trifles and dissipation, and an hatred for all the nobler purposes of existence.

## A LETTER,

TO A FRIEND.

I HAVE been much edified by lately reading some excellent letters in defence of the Slave Trade. The author argues in so clear and masterly a manner, that I think no future doubt can be entertained upon the subject; and the foolish Quakers ought to be very much ashamed of having opposed so Holy and Christian a branch of commerce. Indeed his letters have taught me many religious, moral, and political truths, which I did not know before; among the rest is the infallibility of our gracious Sovereign and his two Houses of Parliament. That they were omnipotent, I have long known; but I did not so clearly understand, that after having deposed the Church of Rome, they had legally confiscated his infallibility to their own use.

But as your correspondent has thought so deeply upon the subject, I cannot help sending to him the inclosed

Proclamation of the King of Judah in Africa, which was lately put into my hands by a conscientious merchant of Liverpool, who seemed to think it might open a new and valuable trade for this country, and who has lately begun some negotiations with overseers and churchwardens, in order to rid them of their superfluous poor. Should Mr. Gilbert's valuable bill pass, he has some hopes of having the monopoly of the county work-houses. Indeed he was a little shocked with the freedom and prophaneness of some parts of this royal edict, particularly the account of the great serpent's marking all the Whites for slavery, by a stroke of his tail. Such as it is, I send it you as a curiosity, and am, &c.

RUSTICUS.

*Translation of the Edict of the King of JUDAH, for  
the Regulation of the Commerce of WHITE SLAVES.*

THE glory of the world, the delight of nature, the resplendent image of the great serpent upon earth, the master of the river Jakin, whose floods roll over sands of gold, the lord of the islands which produce precious fruits and weeds of aromatic odour, the sovereign of  
Judah,

Judah, the conqueror of Popp and Ardra, whose soldiers are swifter than eagles, fiercer than lions, more in number than the ants of the forest, king of all the princes of the world, to whom duty, allegiance, and submission are due from all the sons of men, thus makes known his high and irresistible will to the nations of the earth.

Whereas it has pleased our royal and irresistible mind, pondering over the ineffable and sacred treasure of its own counsels, to extend our cares to certain islands in the Southern ocean, and to raise up new colonies of subjects, to admire our divine intelligence, and obey our omnipotent power ; and whereas it has been represented to our royal wisdom, that these tracts of land, by reason of their distance from the Sun, the coldness of their climate, and other natural disadvantages, are ill-adapted to the reception of our dutiful and loving subjects, who pine and sicken at a distance from the resplendent light of our countenance ; we therefore, the Most High, Most Omnipotent, (here follows a repetition of the above pompous titles) ever anxious to gratify the humble prayers of our faithful slaves, and to avert from them every danger and difficulty by the shadow of our presence, in which the nations of the world move and have their being, do thus decide :

Whereas there is a certain wretched and miserable race of men, who come from the remotest corner of the world, over the great waters, seeking the awful shadow of our power, and humbly requesting leave to carry back such of the productions of our country as are absolutely necessary to enable them to support a wretched existence in their own, which we, according to the unequalled liberality of our temper, have not hitherto denied; and whereas these mongrel vagabonds and pirates, the outcast of the world, the disgrace of human nature, have in numberless instances abused our royal condescension by landing upon our territories, and plundering the innocent inhabitants, by stirring up continual wars and seditions among the different tribes that inhabit our coasts, and then prevailing upon the deluded conquerors to part with their prisoners, upon whom we are informed they exercise the most atrocious and unheard of cruelties, separating women from their husbands, children from their parents, and violating all the most dear and sacred ties of nature; which miserable victims we are also informed they confine in the unwholesome bottoms of their great canoes, where thousands of them yearly perish by burning fevers, by famine, by pestilence, and by the continual infliction of the most horrid punishments,

ments, while the miserable survivors are destined to labour in chains, to procure food and other necessities for their idle, ignorant and stupid betrayers: Now, in order to give an awful example to all the human race of the purity of our justice, and the divine integrity of our councils, we do order and command our faithful slaves, that for the future, in whatever port these miscreants shall land, they shall directly seize upon all their canoes and cargoes, which shall be reserved under pain of death, and faithfully accounted for to our Imperial Minister of Finance: As to their persons, we do further enact, that they shall be pinioned in pairs, stripped of all their cloaths, excepting a clout, which we graciously indulge them with about their middles, and in this manner guarded along the country, until they arrive at the precincts of our resplendent palace, the wonder of the world, the miracle of art, &c &c.

Were we inclined to punish such atrocious offenders according to the extent of their crimes, we should certainly order them to pave the way before our royal elephant, as he marches forth in terrors, or expose them to be torn in pieces by the Lyons and Tygers of the forest, whom they most resemble in cruelty and rapine; but reflecting upon the natural inferiority of their race, and

collecting from several causes that they are not totally incapable of the reasoning faculty, however debased and corrupted by want of education, we are graciously pleased to order that they shall be instantly transported to our colony of New Zeland, there to be employed in raising wheat, potatoes, and other vegetables for our royal table, and in tending a breed of sheep upon the mountains, whose fleeces may supply the Princesses of our Royal Seraglio with shawls and petticoats.

But even in this necessary act of retaliation, such has been our love of justice, that we have not taken these resolutions without the approbation of our learned college of divines, and particularly that of the great and illuminated High-priest of the serpent. We therefore submitted to his supreme decision, the question how far it was consistent with our princely perfections to reduce that body of our fellow creatures to utter and irremediable servitude.

That holy man, after invoking the assistance of the Great Serpent, and all the numerous family of inferior Gods, his descendants, has assured us, that nothing can be more just, holy, and acceptable to all the Divinities, than this our resolution: the whites, he added, are evidently intended to serve the blacks, by the marks which

nature

nature and providence have implanted upon their countenance; had they been intended to share the same privileges with other men, they would have received that sable hue which is the distinguishing characteristic of the human race; or at least they would have given some faint trace of this consanguinity, in the yellowness of their complexions, like the Moors or Arabs; but nothing can be more evident than that men with pale faces and lank hair, were only created to be slaves.

He has besides assured us, from the most authentic records of our holy traditions, that all men were in the beginning of one colour, but that the father of this impious and pernicious breed having one day irritated the Great Serpent, by stealing from him a mess of consecrated pottage, that father of gods and men, in punishment for his impiety, struck him three times over the face with his tail, and rendered him and all his descendants white. With such a plain and authentic testimony of the will of heaven, there can be no doubt of the lawfulness of seizing all the white men in every quarter of the globe, and forcing them to labour for our pleasure and emolument.

But in order to prove that our benevolence keeps equal pace with our justice, we are willing to do every thing for the improvement of this miserable race, which is consistent



sistent with our awful purpose ; we therefore shall give directions that they be not compelled to labour more than fourteen hours in the day ; and that at stated times, during the ample leisure which they will enjoy, they be instructed in the tenets of our most holy religion, and taught the first general principles of justice and morality.

We are not insensible of the difficulty of such a task, since among all those who have visited our shores, we have scarcely heard of one that seemed to understand the common distinctions of right and wrong. They are indeed universally given up to the practice of the most degrading vices ; a sordid avarice, which renders them incapable of friendship, pity, or any human affection, and a beastly intemperance to which thousands are yearly victims ; cruelty and cunning seem to form the basis of their character ; for while they are continually taking advantage of the noble simplicity of the blacks to overreach, deceive, and betray them, they are observed to nourish the most implacable hatred and jealousy against each other ; so that it is conjectured, were they not restrained by their mutual fears of our royal power, they would soon exterminate each other by unremitting war and cruelty.

But

But though there is too much truth in these representations, it is to be hoped that the Great Serpent, when he gave them the figure of men, did not totally deny them the faculty of reason: and that the habits of corruption which they have acquired may at least be partially corrected by wholesome discipline, unremitting labour, spare diet, and seasonable correction with the whip.

By these means our clemency towards these unhappy men will appear no less conspicuous than our justice. For though some thousands of them may probably perish during the passage, others by the pressure of unusual labour, or by the deserved chastisement they may incur, yet there is no doubt that the happiness of the survivors will be so infinitely increased, that they will have reason to bless the wisdom and clemency of this our royal decree.

There appears indeed one difficulty in the execution of these just and salutary regulations, which is the danger of our royal intentions being defeated by the want of females to continue the breed. But having consulted with some of our chosen counsellors, who have been compelled to visit the dreary countries which these barbarians inhabit, they have assured us that there can be

no difficulty in opening a trade to any extent for female whites. These barbarians, they say, are accustomed to sell every thing ; and are ready to dispose of themselves, their wives, or their children, provided they can find a purchaser. To this they added, that the idleness, licentiousness, and extravagance of many of the female sex are such, as to prove intolerable nuisances to all who are any way connected with them ; they do not therefore doubt, that were a market once assured for these commodities, we might be even gratuitously supplied with any number we could receive.

We therefore encourage all our loyal subjects to proceed vigorously in their colonial enterprizes, and not to be deterred by the fear of a continual supply of whites for necessary labour. We intend yearly to send a fleet to London, Bristol, and Liverpool, where it is assured us we may be furnished with any number of white slaves of both sexes, upon reasonable and moderate terms ; for such is the sterility of these countries, by reason of their distance from the Sun, and such the wickedness of the people, that the miserable inhabitants exercise a continual rapine upon each other for food ; thousands frequently perish by famine, thousands are reduced to  
beggary,

beggary, and thousands yearly put to death for their crimes. Shocking as these representations must appear to the delicate and refined humanity of African ears, we have every reason to adore the wisdom of the Great Serpent, who has made us the instrument of a salutary reformation to this unfortunate and degraded race of human beings, by teaching them justice and moral duties, supplying them with necessary food which it is evident they cannot acquire in their own country, and introducing them to a knowledge of the sublime and holy truths of our religion.

This imperial mandate is a faithful transcript of our high and uncontrollable will, in the regulation of the commerce of slaves; and we have ordered our faithful counsellor and scribe Abdallah Hamet, to make known to all the nations of the earth, that they may adore our wisdom, and prostrate themselves before the imperial throne of power, whose splendour reaches even to the Heavens, and darkens the glory of the Sun, &c. &c. &c.

THE  
TRAITEUR.

*To the Traiteur.*

SIR,

I WAS very much entertained with your character of the pretty parson, who may be justly styled the petit maitre of religion; whose affected eloquence is as little calculated to convey the doctrines of Christianity, as his life is to express the manners of its Founder. This capital too much abounds with these priggish saints, who seem to introduce Lord Chesterfield's graces into the Bible, and to send the venerable Evangelists to the dancing school.

But although I perfectly understand your design, and saw that you only meant to attack those meretricious ornaments, in which human vanity would vainly attire the sublimest system of faith and morals which has ever been proposed to man, I could not help fearing that  
many

many of your readers might mistake the extent and purport of your ridicule. To obviate such misconceptions, I intend this letter as a species of comment on your sixth paper; and as you have there, with much ingenuity and liveliness, pointed out the affectations which disgrace religion, here I shall make some observations upon its proper use, and the character which becomes its professors.

Whoever is at all acquainted with the lot of human beings, such as they have appeared in every age and country, will lament the complicated calamities which are too frequently their portion. He will there find that no situation is so high as to elude the shafts of fortune, none so low as to escape her fury. The hurricane that levels towers and palaces to the ground, overturns the cottage, and desolates the harvest in its course; thus does the over-ruling destiny of the species involve the great, the mighty, the rulers, and the tyrants of the earth, in the common devastation which sweeps away the mean, the abject, the beggar, and the slave. It is not only in the grave,

“ Where e’en the great find rest,  
 “ And blended sleep th’ oppressor and the oppress’d,”  
that

that their fortunes are similar and equal, but in the short and transitory parts which they are previously doomed to act. How often has beauty been only an introduction to vice and infamy, wealth to utter ruin, youth to disease, and great abilities to destruction ! how often does virtue itself prove fatal to its possessor, how often does it only serve to frighten away his pleasures, interrupt his ease, and make him splendidly miserable. If he rouses at what appears to him “ the great call of nature,” and steps forth to occupy his proper place upon the public theatre of the world ; if he attacks with becoming firmness, the great corruptions of government and manners, what bands of desperate and inveterate mercenaries may he not find leagued against him ! scarcely can religion itself boast a more numerous train of martyrs than have been offered up before the shrine of civil liberty ; chains and axes, gibbets and wheels, dungeons and perpetual prisons, obtrude themselves upon his view, where Sidney and Russel fell, where the noble de Witts were mangled by their ungrateful countrymen, and where the generous Patkul was offered up a guiltless sacrifice to an obdurate tyrant. If deterred by such a scene of complicated horrors, he takes refuge in obscurity, and devotes himself to the silent practice

of

of his duty: there indeed he finds less of tumult and danger, not always more of happiness. Around him he beholds his fellow creatures pining in miseries which it is not granted him to remove. In vain does he extend his hospitable arms to relieve the indigent, or assist the distressed. Sometimes, indeed, he diffuses a momentary ray of gladness through the abodes of want and wretchedness; sometimes he may snatch the fallen from the fangs of insulting power, or dispel the gloom of sickness and of death. But who can remove from every individual the particular inconveniences which are attached to his respective station? What scenes of guilt, of prostitution, and irremediable distress does every crowded capital present! what thousands that are perishing by lingering, painful, and incurable disease; that are weeping over the premature death of those upon whom their only hopes of subsistence depended; that are exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons and the pangs of famine, that are suffering the bitter fruits of their own misconduct, or of the crimes of others.

This is no exaggerated picture of what really passes under the eyes of every one; it is a faint outline which imagination will fill up from experience; and often with yet deeper colours of calamity.



Who that considers such a scene, with a moment's serious reflection, can avoid shuddering at the objects which it presents? Youth, and its momentary intoxications, the clamours of riot and festivity, the glare of pomp and spectacle, the dreams of love, or the phantoms of ambition, may sometimes chase the due sense of our weakness, and of the inanity of human pursuits; but it will return in the hour of solitude and silence; augment the violence of pain and sickness, or hover, like our evil genius, around the bed of death. Reason and philosophy may intervene with all the pride of eloquence and declamation; but the baneful phantom submits not to their exorcisms, nor will be fettered by their spells. Sometimes we are told that we must plunge into transitory joy, and make the most of that season which will return no more;

“Be gáy; too soon the flowers of spring will fade.”

Upon other occasions, we are comforted with the certainty of our approaching dissolution, which will at once remove our pains and pleasures, our unsubstantial hopes and fears, and all the various miseries “which flesh is heir to.” Some philosophers have hoped to silence the complaints of misery, by denying its existence: and by lifting men above the condition of mortality, have  
 thought

thought to exempt them from its inconveniences.—But this, and a thousand other specious subtleties, are but the excrescences of human vanity, incapable of removing the most trifling of the evils which they pretend to cure.

“ *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo:*”

This the celebrated Stoic found when in the attacks of a cruel disease, he belied his own conviction, and pretended to triumph over pain, by not confessing that he felt it:

From these considerations of human weakness, and the inability of reason to extricate us from the labyrinth of doubt in which we are involved, it may perhaps, not without foundation, be thought, that nature itself has disposed our minds to the admission of religious impressions. Our improvements in many of the sciences, have also improved our knowledge in the doctrine of final causes. And although ingenious men are too ready to push their speculations beyond the bounds of nature and experience, yet the admirable mechanism of our bodies together with the particular tendency of all our instincts and passions, either to our own or the general good, must impress even the most obstinate sceptic with astonishment and reverence.—Can it then be imagined that nature, which has evidently intended every particular

instinct she implants for some determinate end, which has allotted the gratification to every passion she inspires, should have contradicted herself in this alone ? hunger, and thirst, and all the train of bodily feelings, not excepting the very sensibility to pain, which is the source of so many evils, are evidently intended to force us to that continual care and attention, which reason and reflection alone could never produce. Anger, by impelling us to exertion, and fear, by removing us from danger, produce the same effect ; and desire is not only the source of our greatest and tenderest pleasures, but is absolutely necessary to the continuance of the species. But unless we allow that religion, in the general signification of the term, enters into the design of nature itself, we must believe that there is a considerable and very important part of our constitution entirely useless. The sentiment of our own weakness, and of the insufficiency of sublunary enjoyments, the restlessness of our minds, even in the midst of uninterrupted prosperity, the inefficacy of every topic drawn from reason and philosophy to support us under the pressure of misfortune, and that continual tendency which every man, even the most confirmed unbeliever, has frequently experienced to ask for succour from some superior being ; all these, which are senti-  
ments

ments implanted by nature in the human breast, sufficiently indicate their origin. Should it be objected; that the propensity to religious belief is always strongest in the most ignorant and uncultivated part of the species, in children, savages, and the vulgar; it may be answered with truth, that so is every other instinctive propensity; and great refinement, however it may in many other respects be considered as advantageous, was never yet found to augment either our passions or natural sentiments.

Shall we then imagine that it is only to deceive our expectations and frustrate our wishes, that we are endowed with a sensibility which is denied to every other species of animals? Are all the noblest faculties of the soul, exerted in the noblest manner, the instruments by which this fatal cozenage is carried on? Those who can believe so, must certainly be the most real objects of our compassion; since this opinion, whether true or false, tears from the human mind its last, its best support; and shows us that in the wide extent of a world abounding with evil, we have neither parent, comforter, nor friend.

But let us grant for an instant that this universal tendency of all mankind, is the strongest argument and

assurance of its truth. What a radiance of hope and glory does it cast over our whole horizon ! how immediately is every doubtful appearance solved, every phenomenon explained, and every fear surmounted ! What a support and triumph to suffering virtue, that beholds a refuge of peace and happiness, beyond the stormy sea which tosses it below. Surely the idea is such, so vast, so elevated, that we may here apply the sublime language of a modern poet, without exaggeration :

“ — Blow, ye winds !

“ Ye waves, ye thunders, roll your tempests on !

“ Shake ye old pillars of the marble sky,

“ Till all its orbs, and all its worlds of fire

“ Be loosen’d from their seats !—Yet, still serene,

“ Th’ unconquer’d mind looks down upon the wreck ;

“ And even stronger as the storms advance,

“ Firm through the closing ruin holds his way

“ Where nature calls him to the destin’d goal !”

AKENSIDE.

X. Y.

TO THE

*Printer of the Public Advertiser.**But never sent to that paper, or published till now.*

I THINK it one of the peculiar blessings of the present age, that the fair sex have so far emancipated themselves from former restraints, as boldly to indulge their genius in the career of literature. How far these fair adventurers may enlarge the limits of science, I will not pretend to decide; but I hope to see the period, and even flatter myself that period is at no great distance, when there shall not be a town in England, and scarcely a private family without its authoress. The infinite advantages this will produce to the morals, the taste, and happiness of the world, are too evident to need enumeration. Every mother will then be enabled to instruct her children, and form their tender minds to a love of glory, by favouring them with a perusal of her own  
works

works; and every blooming virgin will enchant her lover, not by tender looks, or gracious smiles, or the common arts by which affections are subdued, but by giving him an order to her printer;

*SIR,*

Please to let Henry Languish, Esq. have on demand five copies of my Essay upon the National Debt; as also sixteen of my Critical Observations on the various readings of the Pentateuch,

from, Sir, your's, &c.

*Arabella Tender.*

It is not easy to describe the complicated emotions which must arise in a lover's breast, when he is thus at once overpowered by tenderness and learning; but surely he will never attempt to break those chains which Venus and Minerva both conspire to weave. Perhaps it may be feared that the time consumed in preparatory studies, laborious researches, turning over lexicons, dictionaries, and philosophical abridgments, may be something unfavorable to the exercise of those domestic duties and employments, which have hitherto been the province of the fair sex. Perhaps it may be imagined that, the conspicuous point of view in which every  
author

author is exposed to the public, since every author is only a person who undertakes the employment of amusing or instructing the rest of the world, may interfere with that interesting delicacy, that amiable tenderness, that irresistible softness, which constitutes, or rather did constitute so essential a part of the female character. But I apprehend the last of these objections will appear very trifling, when it is considered, that it is the great business of all female education at present, to render it utterly impossible that a lady should ever be embarrassed with these sensations ; a polite education may be considered as a species of inoculation, which effectually prevents the fair patient from feeling any subsequent attack of shame or timidity during the rest of her life ; so, in reality, after having proceeded thus far, it is nothing but prejudice which can leave us any remaining scruples upon the subject.

The modest look, the castigated grace,  
 The gentle movement, and slow measur'd pace,  
 For which her lovers died, her parents pray'd,  
 Are indecorums in the modern maid.

Why then should we be more shocked at hearing a lady talk loud, or decide dogmatically in the midst of a crowd of philosophers, than in a circle of petit-maitres,

at



at seeing her exhibit her mind in a dissertation, than her person in an *allemande* ; or knowing she was surrounded by a concourse of men, instead of being closetted with Mons. Le Fleur, *Perruquier aux dames*, just arrived from Paris ? I apprehend that a lady is neither a more public, nor a more disagreeable exhibition when she is reading her tragedy, or like the bards of antiquity, reciting her own verses from house to house, than when she is singing sentimental airs to a numerous company, such as ‘ if ’tis joy to wound a lover, how much more to give him ease, &c.’ or exposing herself to a select party of some five or six hundred upon a private theatre ; both which fashions the supreme tribunal has decided to be perfectly consistent with modern decency. As to the other objection, derived from its interfering with those employments, which custom has invariably allotted the female sex, and which must be executed by somebody, it is very easily removed by transferring these employments to the men, for whom in reality they were I believe designed. For if we may guess at the intentions of nature, by the dispositions she has implanted, I should imagine that we have hitherto made a gross mistake in casting the parts of the two sexes. When I see little Miss just emancipated from boarding-school, rejoice in reining the ma-  
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naged steeds, or clearing the five barred gate, or animating her coursers amidst a cloud of olympic dust, or throwing off the dress as well as manners of her sex, by strutting about as an Amazon, and rivalling the unfledged ensign both in the length of her strides, and the fierceness of her air, can I conclude that this dear pretty creature was ever intended for a woman?

Such was her face, as in a blooming maid,  
The image of a lovely boy convey'd.

When on the contrary I behold in men the distinguishing characteristics of the other sex, such as a love of trifles, an attention continually employed upon their persons, an uncommon garrulity, an aversion to every manly employment or exertion, can I help lamenting that society is robbed of so many useful sempstresses, milliners, and fine ladies?—But by the emendation I have proposed, that peace will be restored to society, which is now effectually interrupted, by both sexes deserting their accustomed duties. Can there be a more edifying spectacle conceived, than that of a husband, performing all the duties of a good housewife, instructing the cook in the discharge of her culinary functions, weighing out the ingredients of a minced pie, or darn-  
ing

ing the stockings of the family? When little Master is to be dry-nursed, or little Miss has fouled her petticoat, should the servant by mistake apply to his mistress, she will answer, like the great Corneille, why do you trouble me with these things, you know I never interfere in family matters? If on the contrary, a new coach-horse should be required in the stable, or the steward want to settle his accounts, or the postillion come to complain of the indecent behaviour of Mrs. Betty, who entertains designs against his *vartue*, the master will refer them to the study, where his beautiful consort gives audience in dishabille. Nothing can certainly be more prejudicial to society, than to have the different orders which compose it, discontented with their appointed stations, and desirous of innovation. This is certainly the case at present; the men envy the women that indolence and frivolity, and coquetry which *used* to be their prerogatives; and the women are no less discontented at being subject to a single restraint of one sex, or deprived of a single indulgence of the other. This fact is evinced by all the fashions and changes which the female sex have adopted during the last twenty years, these being no more than so many approaches to the licentiousness of manhood; but still more so by the writings with which they

they have favoured the world. These writings, whether novels, poetry, or any other equally valuable species of composition, are almost filled with asserting the rights of the sex, which consist in their having a right to neglect all the duties and decorums of their sex, and to assume all the preposterous customs and effrontery which disgrace our's. If we are favoured with a dramatic piece from a fair hand, we are sure to be informed of the infinite contempt she entertains for study, knowledge, or severe attentions, without which we know it is impossible for a man to succeed ; as well as to hear the tyranny of the men arraigned, who would rather have their wives manage their families than write plays. If it be a novel, we are sure to find the heroine of the piece has a most supreme contempt for retired domestic life, to which nine tenths of the species are unavoidably destined, is too exalted to make a pudding, although she be a farmer's daughter, and too wise to be governed by any decorum which custom has established for her sex ; but she either elopes, or makes an excursion, or writes a tragedy ; and whether eloping, expatiating, or writing, is always charming, dear, elegant, adorable, and admirable. But when once the reformation I propose is thoroughly established, I hope to see both sexes contentedly submit to their appointed

pointed duties. The men will rejoice, in being delivered from the noise, and bustle, and business of the world, which are too much for the fineness of their nerves, and the delicacy of their constitutions; and the women, at possessing those unlimited powers and prerogatives to which they have been so long aspiring. To prevent future revolutions, I hope they will then regulate the education of both sexes in such a manner, as may effectually produce habits consistent with the respective duties they are to discharge. Let the ladies be confident, dissipated, expensive, if they please; let them spend their lives in public, and their fortunes at the gaming table, let them boast of their too successful triumphs over our unfortunate sex, and be jockies, libertines, or authors; but let the men be taught modesty, frugality, a love of retirement, and the faculty of blushing; let them above all other things be debarred from pen and ink, and convinced that it is totally inconsistent with male softness and delicacy, to emerge from virtuous obscurity, to neglect the silent but important duties of his sex and family, to fill up the columns of a newspaper, and become either the wonder or ridicule of the town:

CLERIMONT.

A LETTER,

TO A FRIEND.

WHEN an author of acknowledged merit attacks, with all the virulence of satire, the memory of a writer equally celebrated for superiority of genius and of virtue, he seems to throw down a public gauntlet of defiance, which every one may take up who feels within himself a sufficient spirit to meet so formidable a foe.

I shall therefore make no apology for the following examination of Mr. Hayley's Censures of Swift, in his late Poem of the Triumphs of Temper. He is a writer of so much real merit and elegance, that none of his opinions can be considered as indifferent, either to the public taste, or public morals. Much greater then is the danger

ger, when the beauty of his numbers, and the authority of his name, give weight to popular prejudices, and aim the superficial taste and affected delicacy of the present age, with the sanction of principle and benevolence.

The envy of rival wits, is so stale and acknowledged a fact, that few will feel themselves inclined to controvert its general authority, although they may deny the particular application. However liberal and ingenious, therefore, I may suppose Mr. Hayley's private temper, I cannot help imagining, that part of his enmity to Swift, may arise from a contrariety of genius, which often insensibly warps us from our natural bias, and invests private interest, and private vanity, with all the dignity of principle and public spirit. The field of literature is indeed so wide, that authors of the most various and contrary talents, have sufficient room to expatiate, without the danger of encroaching upon each other in their career; yet seldom do we see these literary competitors, contented with approaching the goal, without endeavouring to overturn a rival in the way. Thus Pope in the midst of the glory which the early efforts of his genius had justly acquired him, thought it necessary to depreciate Philip's Pastorals in order to exalt his own; and thus the restorers of the modern witty comedy, seem discontented with their

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deserved applause, unless they can hold up the serious Muse to ridicule and contempt.

In the task of instructing and improving mankind, there seems to have always been two great divisions, under one or other of which, the moral writers of every age have been contented to be ranged. The first class comprehends men of polished minds and delicate taste, who, with little enthusiasm for virtue, or abhorrence of vice, are contented to direct the poignancy of their wit, at foibles and defects, which contradict the reigning taste and manners: or should they attack a fashionable vice, it is with so much gentleness, with such a parade of candour, with such an affectation of politeness, that you see plainly, the least of the author's cares is to serve the cause in which he is engaged; and that like stage combatants, in the midst of the fight, he is more intent upon the balancing of his plume, the flow of his robe, and the decorum of his attitude, than zealous to annoy his adversary. Such men are the coquettes of literature; as these, with little real feeling, find it necessary to affect sensibility, so those with little interest for the public welfare, or solicitude about public morals, imagine it expedient to pretend to both; but with all the airs and graces which they assume, you see the little



interests of *their own vanity* ever uppermost in their thoughts, and prevailing over every other consideration. I have also heard these gentlemen compared to Masters of the ceremonies at public places, who flatter the company, in hopes of a benefit, bow and cringe to Vice, Meanness, and Effrontery, in the man of rank, fortune, or fashion, but who would turn Virtue herself out of the room, should she appear there in an unfashionable dress.

The second class of moralists, contains men of strong minds, and indignant tempers, who find it impossible to practise condescensions, which would degrade them in their own eyes, or to keep measures with what excites their abhorrence. Struck with the wide deviations of the human species from every standard of rectitude and religion, they think it more honourable to oppose the torrent, than to glide with security upon its surface, conscious that genius is not given to apologize for error, or courage to defend the cause of general depravity, they scorn to prostitute either, for the temporary smile of public admiration : or if they are not exempt from the universal passion, it is in them a generous feeling which grasps at posterity, and appeals to the wise and good of every country. Such I imagine was Luther in religion, Brutus and Hambden in politics, Juvenal and Swift in morals.

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I do not mean to insinuate, that the author of the *Triumphs of Temper*, belongs to the first class I have described ; although I should have been much more inclined to place him there, had I seen nothing of his composition, but this Poem. Yet I think this Poem, and every similar one, however elegant in composition, much less calculated to promote the cause of virtue, than the very piece it so forcibly arraigns. I will endeavour to state my reasons for such an assertion, by an examination of the Poem, which is professedly written with a moral design ; and in this, my admiration of the Poet's genius will not restrain me from freely proposing my objections ; conscious that, as I am the last of critics to be feared, so he is the last of authors to be afraid of criticism.

The moral of the Poem is, in the writer's own words,

“ Virtue's an ingot of Peruvian gold,  
Sense the bright ore, Potosi's mines unfold ;  
But temper's image must their use create,  
And give these precious metals sterling weight.”

I should be very happy, were I inclined to depreciate the extraordinary poetical talents which appear in every page of this work, to begin my criticism, with what I think four of the worst lines in the Poem. Virtue is

an ingot of Peruvian gold, Sense the silver ore of Potosi ; the thought is sufficiently common, and the lines flat :

“ But temper’s image must their use create.”

This is neither true of gold, or of sense and virtue : the one will, in every state, retain its intrinsic value, although imprest with no image at all ; and the other may produce the greatest utility to mankind, when unconnected with good temper.

“ And give those precious metals sterling weight.”

It surely is not the impression of Cæsar, or any thing else, which can give to metals, either sterling or any other weight ; but my aim is not verbal criticisms, and I proceed to consider the general conduct and design of the Poem:

The heroine of the piece is a young lady adorned with beauty, health, cheerfulness, and vivacity ; she is placed under the care of a fond and tender parent, enjoying all the conveniencies, elegancies, and luxuries which affluence can bestow. In these circumstances one would imagine that there were few exertions of extraordinary good temper required, few lessons of patience to be exhibited for common use, or examples to be collected of bearing what it is the inevitable lot of the greater part of the species to suffer. It is not hence that the innumerable individuals of the female sex, who are doomed

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to obscure wretchedness, to unceasing toil, to all the drudgery of oppressive poverty, or to groan under the brutality, or neglect of cruel or indifferent husbands, must derive either instruction or relief. Yet it is to them one should imagine that a professed moralist, and votary of the female sex should address himself, if he wished to be of any real utility. The few that can possibly be comprehended under the above description, are exposed to no trials of temper, which deserve the care of the moralist; and if they are wayward, capricious, and discontented even in the midst of ease and enjoyment, not all the charms of Mr. Hayley's poetry will, I fear, effect a cure.

“ In gay content a sportive life she led,  
 The child of Modesty, by Virtue bred :  
 Her light companions Innocence and Ease :  
 Her hope was pleasure, and her wish to please.  
 For this to Fashion early rites she paid :  
 For this to Venus secret vows she made ;  
 Nor held it sin to cast a private glance  
 O'er the dear pages of a new romance.”

These lines are elegant and easy ; but I will venture to say, there is no merit implied in any but the second, which is not found in almost every young lady of fashion,

that is not taught in every boarding-school, and still more deeply impressed by every public place in London, In an age when dissipation, extravagance, and the love of fashionable pleasures have expelled every domestic virtue from the female heart, is it necessary that poetry and morality should fan the flame, like two venerable procurers in the habits of a cloyster? Let us translate these lines into plain prose:—Pleasure employed the young lady's hopes, and her greatest wish was to please; for this purpose she paid early rites to Fashion, and made secret vows to Venus; and often employed herself in reading Romances. I own I do not see any thing in this character to tempt either

“ God to aid, or angels to descend ;”

any thing which should make it be hung up as a sacred tablet for public imitation; unless perhaps, the author may imagine that the ladies are not sufficiently inclined to dress, coquetry, fashion, and reading Romances already.

“ The modern anecdote was next convey'd  
Beneath her pillow, by her faithful maid.”

There is an insinuation in these lines, which however common the practice may be, does no great honor to the character of the lady; as it implies fraud, and that improper confidence in servants which is alike contrary

to good education and decorum of manners. I have heard it observed, that as statues which are to be placed on lofty columns, are made to exceed the proportions of human bodies, that their effect may not be lost, so in moral writings which are put into the hands of youth, virtues ought to be delineated which exceed the efforts of common life. Lord Bolingbroke himself very candidly makes this apology for the seeming severity of some of the precepts of the Christian religion. Men, he observes, are always apt to relax in their endeavours, and whatever may be the model of their imitation, will always fall short of that perfection which they propose. How necessary therefore is it to propose such examples as may employ all the faculties, and fill up the whole mind ; how necessary to elevate human weakness with the sense of superior excellence, and make it reach the utmost bounds of possibility, while it is straining after a phantom of ideal perfection ! Let the moral painter, therefore, who proposes patterns of imitation, endeavour to awaken all the energy of his own genius ; let his eye, “ roving in a fine phrenzy” over the intellectual world, select every thing which is the most beautiful, and most capable of exciting an holy enthusiasm ; let him, if the present age will not supply fit models for his art, exhaust the treasures of antiquity, and propose those pure and

simple graces, which are now banished from the world ; there is no danger that he should succeed too well, or lift his pupils too much beyond the limits of human imperfection ; the world, with all its cares and pleasures, its low interests and varieties, will continually intervene, and stop them in their flight. *Possunt quia posse videntur*, is an axiom that will hold invariably true in morals ; he that makes mankind believe they are capable of great effects, produces them ; while the necessary consequence of taking even the imaginary patterns of conduct rather from what is, than from what ought to be, is to contract the bounds of human perfection, and make every return to virtue, once exploded, totally impracticable. The moralist therefore that contents himself with describing common virtues, can never hope to produce any thing more than common characters.



*The subsequent pages of prose contain some of Mrs. Day's select productions, all of which, like her poetry, were written in the days of her youth, before she had attained her seventeenth year.*

THE first page of Mrs. Day's prose will commence with a sensible elegant letter, written in 1767 to a quondam school-fellow of her's; about which time I believe Miss Milnes left Queen-Square School, and was between fifteen and sixteen years of age. Her other prose productions, (that I shall now publish,) were written in the two following years, except the themes, which, though there is no date to them, I should imagine were school performances, as themes and school exercises are synonymous terms. I have selected these as appearing to me peculiarly well written. However, Mrs. Day might possibly write them after she left school, pour passer le tems, as she seldom took up the needle for her amusement, and when she did, used it as awkwardly as Hercules handled the distaff; for her taste in that respect was not feminine, though her general disposition and manners were.



I hope the candid reader will consider, if I appear to have formed too high an idea of Mrs. Day's mental effusions, we see through different mediums, and that this perhaps occasions the great difference of our sentiments. Being Mrs. Day's nephew, I must acknowledge I feel peculiarly interested in every thing which concerns her literary reputation ; but independent of that motive, gratitude, one of the noblest principles of human nature, has probably made me magnify her superior virtues and talents. Nor is it to be wondered at, for my mother, her sister, dying in my infancy, she supplied her place, and always acted towards me with the most kind maternal solicitude, which conduct has left such a grateful impression on my mind, as I hope will never be erased, and has perhaps on the present occasion, displayed itself in rather too exuberant an admiration.

A LETTER,

TO A FRIEND.

*December 1767.*

IT gives me an unfeigned pleasure to find by the conversation I yesterday had with my dear Caroline, that she entertains such just sentiments of the world she is going to enter upon. Believe me, my dearest friend, by calmly considering beforehand the dangers to which you may be exposed in your future situation, you will be better able to resist the allurements of pleasure, and the too prevailing force of bad example. But you tell me you mistrust yourself, you know not what changes may be wrought in you by the influence of others. I assure you, this amiable diffidence promises much more than the confidence of those who (relying solely upon their own strength) think themselves proof against every thing. It has been frequently remarked, that such presumptuous  
beings

beings have from fatal experience, received the most convincing proofs of the weakness of human excellence. Indeed a proud, arrogant frame of mind, is what both God and man take delight in humbling, whereas a just sense of our own imperfections, a genuine humility of heart, with a steady reliance upon that power on which the universe rests, must recommend us to *His* favour, who alone can prove a never-failing Protector. Therefore, my Caroline, be not dejected, now you are going to embark on life's tempestuous ocean, but take reason for your pilot; and as Heaven has blest you with a sufficient share of understanding to be capable of making proper distinctions, I hope your own good sense will enable you to avoid the rocks on which too many inconsiderate beings have been wrecked. I think pleasure seems one of the greatest enemies which youth has to encounter: what numbers are led away by her enchanting influence! Indeed I reflect with the greatest compassion upon her deluded votaries, whose lives are one continual whirl of dissipation. Though novelty may at first give a poignancy to those amusements which they incessantly pursue, frequent repetition must at length blunt their relish for them, and create lassitude and disgust; but having no taste for entertainments of a superior kind,

and

and being chained as it were, by the force of habit to this round of folly, they continue daily to trace the same fantastick circle of diversions, without knowing one *real enjoyment*. To take innocent pleasure in moderation, is far from being blameable; for relaxation is necessary to unbend the mind and enable us to return to the duties and serious occupations of life with fresh vigour and alacrity. Recreation is to the mind, what sleep is to the body; in a proper degree it strengthens and refreshes; in excess, it weakens and enervates. There is no necessity that in order to be virtuous we should be gloomy, unsociable beings, averse to every species of enjoyment. Religion, my Caroline, never appears so amiable as when it wears the smile of complacency, and cheerfully partakes of those blessings which the beneficent hand of Providence so liberally bestows.

For God is paid when man receives,

T' enjoy, is to obey.

When piety is sullen and severe, she makes but few converts; her aspect is too forbidding to tempt others to become her votaries; but they who adorn sanctity of manners with sweetness of disposition, and that genuine good humour which is the result of inward joy and serenity, these exhibit religion in the most engaging point  
of

of view, and display the very *beauty of holiness*. They are (as Mr. Addison finely observes in one of his inimitable Essays) like those spies sent to Canaan, who brought the most tempting fruits to invite their companions into the happy land which produced them. May your piety, my friend, ever be of the smiling kind, an amiable rational principle, founded upon love and gratitude to the most lovely and benignant of Beings! Superstition, I believe, results from a gloomy dread of the Deity, without that pure, sincere affection which his goodness demands. The superstitious form erroneous notions of the Deity: they regard him in a stern, morose light, as prone to punish the smallest transgressions in his creatures, and disgusted with their most innocent enjoyments; though the benignity and complacency of the Supreme Being, are every where, throughout the wide volume of creation, written in the most conspicuous characters. In the cheerful scenes of nature, every beautiful smiling object that presents itself to me, seems to say in the most eloquent language, "*thou wert created to be happy.*" There is something infinitely pleasing in the reflection that the various beauties with which God has adorned this terrestrial sphere, were solely intended to contribute to our delight and satisfaction. With  
 what

what heart-felt pleasure and gratitude to the bounteous bestower of all, should we reflect, my Caroline, that we may either of us say with the rest of mankind,

‘ For me kind nature wakes her genial pow’r,  
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev’ry flow’r.’

Though the lines I have just now quoted were meant (by Mr. Pope) to express the pride of man, yet I cannot help thinking, if we make such reflections from a sense of gratitude to the Divine Being, they are highly conformable both to Reason and Religion.

I hope, my dear Caroline, you will never be so much the fashionable lady, as to lose your relish for the genuine beauties of nature, but will ever think the admirable works of Providence preferable to all the splendor and magnificence of the gay world. Some knowledge of natural philosophy adds greatly to the entertainment and instruction which the contemplation of nature affords. What can be more delightful to a rational mind, than to be acquainted with the wonderful mechanism of this well-ordered universe, to learn the laws by which it is governed, and how all the various parts conduce to form one great, harmonious whole ? We find marks of divine wisdom evidently impressed even on the most common and minute objects : not a plant that grows, a  
flower

flower that blooms, or an insect that flies or creeps, but contains in itself innumerable wonders. Can we then enough admire that Being who is the Author of such a rich variety of astonishing productions? This subject reminds me of a book which I would recommend to your perusal, *Nature Delineated*: it is indeed a very elegant philosophical work. I am sure, my Caroline, you will always devote some time to reading, as there is nothing contributes more to enlarge the understanding, and ennoble the sentiments, than fine instructive writers. What an inexhaustible source of entertainment and instruction we derive from books! how agreeably they fill up the vacant hours of life, and furnish the mind with such various stores of knowledge, as may enable it to find an ample fund of amusement within itself! They afford consolation in adversity, and teach us to support prosperity in a becoming manner. They enliven solitude, and qualify us to grace society: You honor me so far as to consult me on your choice of books, but I wish you would apply to a more competent judge. Of the books that I have read, I know of none which have so great a tendency to tincture the mind with general knowledge, as the *Spectators*. Mr. Addison's *Essays* are indeed, both in respect to matter and style, *inimitable*.



*inimitable*. In the humourous he is admirable; there is a most elegant vein of pleasantry runs through that part of his writings, and his incomparable strokes of satire are so tempered with candour and humanity, that you may plainly see the writer lashes folly only to correct it, not (as others have done) to gratify his spleen or malice. His more serious papers abound with sublime sentiments, and judicious reflections. Plato said, that if Virtue appeared in a visible form, all men would be enamoured of her beauties; and I am sure Mr. Addison paints her in such beautiful colours, that one cannot help being in love with *his* picture of her. The style of this charming author is peculiarly pleasing and unaffected, he also expresses himself with that genuine elegance which is founded upon simplicity: and there is such an easy flow apparent in his compositions, that they do not seem to be the result of much labour or study. I hope, my charming friend, Mrs. \*\*\* will not for the future depress the encreasing powers of your mind, by refusing you, as she has too often injudiciously done, your just share of applause. Encouragement, properly bestowed, animates the juvenile understanding, and inspirits it to persevere in the acquisition of wisdom and knowledge: for want of its enlivening influence, very fine talents have been, I fear, nipped in the bud, and native genius so far chilled as to



incapacitate those, from ever appearing in life with any degree of lustre, who might otherwise have made a very brilliant figure in it. But you must not permit yourself, my Caroline, to be discouraged from the pursuit of any thing excellent and laudable: entertain a just sense of your own merits, and do not suffer them to lie buried through that excess of diffidence and timidity, which is an amiable weakness you are apt to fall into. There is, I am sensible, a certain graceful modesty, which is the brightest charm in the female character, and reflects a lustre upon every other virtue and accomplishment; but it should not be carried to such an extreme as to obscure your excellencies, for then it becomes self-injustice. How singularly happy do I esteem myself in the friendship of my Caroline, whose very errors (I may without flattery say) proceed from virtues in excess. Such a friendship as our's, founded on disinterested principles, formed too in that season of life, when the heart is most susceptible of strong and tender attachments, has surely the best chance for duration. And that our connection may be a lasting one, is my fervent wish! May we have reason continually to say after long experience of each other, that we have met with that inestimable blessing, which numbers have vainly sought for, a *real Friend*. Oh, may I prove myself,

Ever your's, with the sincerest affection,

E. MILNES.

## A LETTER,

TO THE SAME.

AS my dear Caroline's departure approaches, I indulge myself as often as possible in the pleasure, which writing to her always affords me. Though, my amiable friend, we must soon part, perhaps for ever, yet I flatter myself you will not forget me, but will sometimes bestow a thought upon one, who is so sincerely attached to you. If my most fervent wishes could avail you, you would enjoy all the happiness of which this imperfect state is productive. But a mind such as your's at present is, my Caroline, can never be really miserable. Virtue, that sacred source of the purest enjoyments will, I doubt not, always diffuse a certain peace and serenity through your breast, (to use the words of one of our most elegant and moral poets,)

“What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,  
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy.”

The consciousness of rectitude is indeed the sweetest balm, the most effectual comforter, in all those distresses to which the virtuous are liable : if injured or oppressed by the shafts of malice, the sense of our own innocence will always in some measure disarm malice of its sting : if overwhelmed with misfortunes, which no human foresight could prevent, conscious goodness is still the noblest, nay, *only true support*.

I hope my Caroline will persevere in the culture of her mind, upon which any pains and application she may bestow, will I doubt not be amply recompensed by the happy fruits they will produce. To the improvement of her understanding, and the acquisition of mental elegance should every woman direct her views, who would wish to appear in life with real dignity and lustre. How melancholy is it, my friend, to consider that so many of our sex should think of nothing but the embellishment of a body, which must soon or late moulder into its original dust, whilst they entirely neglect their nobler part, which is an emanation of divinity, and will exist for ever. If our sex early applied themselves to the information of their minds, how many rocks might they avoid, on which unfortunately they are now

too often wrecked ! a love of dissipation is seldom the companion of an enlightened understanding. The mind that is stored with a variety of fine sentiments and beautiful ideas, finds an inexhaustible fund of entertainment within itself, and consequently need not have recourse to that giddy, fantastick whirl of amusements, in which so many are absorbed. You, I hope and am almost sure, will never suffer yourself to be so wholly captivated by pleasure, as to neglect more useful and important points : I flatter myself you will stem the torrent of the world without being borne away with it. How truly laudable will it be in you, my Caroline, when living in the gay world, to consider worth and wisdom as the noblest distinctions, the virtues as the brightest ornaments, and rectitude of heart and manners as the genuine source of felicity. There is one thing, my beloved friend, you should be particularly cautious in, and that is your choice of intimates : may they always be such as are calculated to strengthen your virtuous dispositions, and not taint the purity and goodness of your soul. There is in bad examples a malignant contagion, which sometimes infects the most spotless minds ; so apt are we to contract the manners and sen-

timents of those with whom we frequently associate. Never, my dearest friend, suffer yourself to be so far influenced by others, as to let them prevail upon you to deviate from the paths of truth and honor, but according to that noble maxim of an enlightened heathen,

“ Reverence thyself.”

Yes, my Caroline, if possible revere thyself too much ever to entertain a thought you would be ashamed to avow, or commit an action, which if known, might raise a blush upon your cheek : then will you have the unerring testimony of conscience in your favour, to gain which should be the great aim of every rational immortal being. Whilst you thus steadily pursue the paths of reason and virtue, all the worthy and discerning part of mankind will pay you a heart-felt respect. Supposing by your rational pursuits you should sometimes incur the ridicule of those, who, immersed in dissipation, have no taste for mental enjoyment, of how little consequence is their approbation ! surely virtuous and elegant minds cannot be delighted with the praises of the trifling or the vicious ; since panegyric from their lips is almost converted into *satire*.

Let

Let me now introduce a softer theme, and expatiate awhile upon our mutual friendship. How many blissful moments have we passed together in this morning of our days, when the lively sensibilities of youth, and our hearts uncorrupted by a commerce with the world, have given us a zest for those pure exalted pleasures, which flow from a union of minds ! When remote from each other, engaged in scenes of life now unknown to us, how sweet will be the recollection of those hours of innocence and peace which we have here enjoyed ! it will be soothing to remember how we were here employed in the same occupations, pursued the same pleasing studies, and with a delight bordering on rapture, conversed together with the enlightened dead, in the works of the sage moralist, or the tuneful bard ! With what pleasure shall I call to mind our intimate unreserved conversation, when we freely communicated our sentiments upon the various subjects that occurred, and developed our minds without disguise. I flatter myself this delightful period, so peculiarly devoted to Truth and Friendship, will not be banished from your memory, in that region of polite dissimulation, the gay fashionable world. May our attachment ever remain constant and uninterrupted, to

sweeten all our cares, and reciprocally heighten every joy. Dr. Young finely says,

“ Celestial Happiness whene’er she stoops  
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,  
And one alone to make her sweet amends  
For absent Heav’n, the bosom of a Friend.

With these beautifully expressive lines I will conclude, and hope that sacred Friendship, which is the subject of them, will never be found wanting either in my Caroline, or in,

her sincere friend,

E. MILNES.

## REFLECTIONS UPON MY BIRTH-DAY.

UPON this day, in which sixteen revolving years of my life are completed, let me devote a short time to serious reflections on the object of my creation, and the returns I ought to make to that Goodness which has bestowed life upon me, and crowned this first gift with a thousand other valuable ones. What use should I make of the existence which Heaven has granted me? I should doubtless live up to the dignity of my reasonable nature, by adoring my great Creator, and obeying his divine laws. This conduct will contribute to render me useful to others, and to secure my own felicity, both through the fleeting years of *Time*, and the ever-rolling ages of ETERNITY. It is not sufficient that I shun criminal pursuits, I must not wholly abandon myself to frivolous ones, and consume all my fugitive, my inestimable moments, in the flowery paths of indolence and light amusement. Innocent pleasures



pleasures I may moderately enjoy, but must not make them the sole business of my life; for that would be beneath the grandeur of a human soul, its illustrious Origin, and immortal expectations. No! I should cultivate in my soul the noble principles of genuine piety and virtue, and illuminate my mind with wisdom and knowledge; it is incumbent on me to serve my fellow creatures with those means which bounteous Providence has granted me, and to practise each virtue belonging to my station: then will every pleasure be doubly delightful, from being sweetened with intervals of rational employment, and the enlivening consciousness of having discharged my duty. Let me form this resolution, (though it may be difficult to keep) that I will obey the dictates of Piety and Virtue, in spite of the tyranny of custom, the magic influence of fashion, and the much-dreaded force of ridicule. May I ever consider the *vanity* of human applause, when compared with the approbation of my unerring, omnipotent Creator, and the heart-soothing praises of my internal monitor. Not that I should be entirely regardless of the opinion of mankind, and, (satisfied with conscious rectitude,) care not how I appear in the eyes of my fellow creatures; Reason tells me this would be a blameable self-injustice, and that I must be studious

studious to preserve, that inestimable treasure, *a good name*. May I never be too deeply enamoured of this sublunary world, and its short lived joys. In short, to sum up all in a petition to that Power from whom I draw my breath, "Grant me, great God, with rational fervent piety to Thee, and sincere diffusive benevolence towards my fellow creatures; with a peaceful conscience, and unblemished reputation; with well regulated affections, and an eye calmly and invariably fixed upon immortality, to pass through this fleeting scene of things, till thou shalt claim that life which thou gavest: then may I serenely meet my inevitable destiny, free from those pangs which tear the soul that is wedded to mortality, and may my unfettered spirit be for ever happy in it's union with Thee."

## AN ESSAY ON MARRIAGE.

I HAVE often reflected with mingled wonder and compassion upon that error, nay I may say that criminal practice now so prevalent amongst highly civilized nations, of forming the nuptial tie without affection, merely for the sake of wealth and splendor. Would one think it possible, if there were not such frequent instances of it in the world, that a being endowed with the divine privilege of reason, should ever be so pitiably absurd as to barter happiness, that invaluable jewel, for a little empty pageantry or sordid dross? When two congenial minds possessed of virtue, understanding, and sensibility, are united in Hymen's bands, by the gentle tie of love, strengthened with the golden cord of Friendship, I can conceive no happiness equal to what the conjugal state must afford. But on the other hand, surely no misery can be equal to that, which this most intimate union

must

must produce, when it is not contracted from any motives of esteem and tenderness, but from the unworthy views of interest and grandeur. In what a false light is Marriage now too often considered, when it is looked upon, not as a state meant to bestow domestic bliss and heart-felt joys, (superior to all the vapid amusements, a dissipated world can afford,) where a union of hearts is the first point to be regarded ; but as a mercenary traffick of worldly goods, and where instead of the gentle god of love, the sordid deity of interest is now the chief conductor to Hymen's sacred temple. Thus in the place of mutual confidence, a reciprocal participation of joy and sorrow, a constant endeavour to promote each other's felicity, and all those amiable solitudes of which true affection is the parent, cold reserve, sharp altercation, poignant reproaches, contemptuous sneers, or at best polite indifference, and frigid complaisance are the displeasing attendants of marriage. And when the wedded life is thus embittered by domestic jars and home-felt grievances, what does the gay parade of pomp and equipage avail ? It may indeed serve as a splendid covering to misery, and dazzle the eyes of superficial observers, but in spite of all external distinctions, grief and chagrin will secretly invade the inmost recesses of the heart. Where domestic happiness is  
wanting

wanting, there will always be a melancholy aching void in the breast, which nothing can satisfy.

“ But happy they, the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
’Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace ; but harmony itself  
Attuning all their passions into love.

Thus sings the elegant pathetic Thomson ; indeed the whole of his description of conjugal felicity, from whence the above lines are taken, is inexpressibly beautiful. He has drawn such an enchanting picture, as I should hope is sometimes, though I fear not often, realised. So seldom is it, alas ! that kindred souls, drawn to each other by the magnetic influence of correspondent sentiments and dispositions, meet in the bonds of marriage.

## AN ESSAY ON POLITENESS.

THE politeness which is at present established in the world, instead of real elegance of deportment, and an unaffected desire of pleasing, is only a false gloss, which people of superficial judgment mistake for a true polish; and this artificial composition of unmeaning flattery and troublesome ceremony, banishes that noble simplicity of heart and manners, which is the foundation of excellence, and the characteristic of a great soul. Natural complacency of disposition, united to a mind improved and adorned by a liberal education, must produce that amiable politeness, which does not consist merely in external shew; but proceeds from the heart and understanding: I think the true criterion of politeness is, a sincere, uniform endeavour to render others happy, embellished by a graceful manner of obliging, and united to the most refined species of decorum. It never displays itself in  
importunate

importunate civility or unworthy adulation. But this happy talent has Nature for its basis, though it may be refined by knowledge, and a frequent intercourse with the more polished, enlightened part of mankind. Politeness adds a new lustre to excellence, and places it in a more amiable point of view; it is a kind of delicate finishing, which gives beauty to the whole. Fashionable complaisance, which teaches us to disguise our sentiments, and under the mask of good breeding, to conceal falsehood and deceit, cannot be sufficiently despised; since it destroys, in some measure, the distinctions between vice and virtue, and yet, is admired as an engaging qualification. A person who thinks justly, would rather be censured by the undiscerning part of the world, than deviate from truth, and consequently, from native elegance, by a mean compliance with the laws of fashion. In short, genuine politeness appears to me to consist in benevolence, and a just sense of elegance and propriety. These appear in the external modes of behaviour, and exert themselves in universal affability, amiable condescension, and an habitual delicacy of manners, sentiment, and expression.

AN ESSAY ON  
OLD-AGE.

“ The soul no more on mortal good relies ;  
But nobler objects urge her hopes and fears,  
And sick of folly, views no tempting prize  
Beneath the radiant circle of the stars.”

CARTER.

AN advanced life is at once the object of our hopes and fears. Extreme old age is surely not desirable, since in general it has the bodily and intellectual feebleness of infancy, but not, alas ! its sprightly joys. It is the gloomy night of human existence, which damps the vital spirit, obscures the light of reason, and draws a dark veil over every scene around us. But there is a period properly termed the evening of our days, in which the wise and good appear with peculiar dignity.

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When



When the joyous morn of youth, and the ardent noon of manhood are past, then comes the peaceful eve of life, which to the virtuous, like the close of a fine summer's day is clear, temperate, and serene. It is a season highly favourable to truth and goodness, since reason and experience must then (if ever) correct the delusions of fancy, dispel the mists of prejudice, and subdue the wild transports of passion. A man of an improved understanding thus mellowed by time into sound judgment and reflection, when he withdraws from the bustle of the world into that retirement which is the privilege of age, is at full liberty to enjoy the highest intellectual gratifications. He has neither the flutter of juvenile amusements, or the ambitious pursuits of riper years to disturb his thoughts, and seduce his attention from the great objects of a rational immortal being. I suppose him to have kept clear of avarice, a vice usually (and it must be confessed with too much reason) attributed to age. For a man possessed with the love of money is enslaved by the lowest anxieties and most despicable cares: his restless solicitude for wealth, disqualifies him for every elevated sentiment and liberal pursuit. Since covetousness is so often to be found with the aged, can we too  
highly

highly reverence and admire the characters of those, who unite the wisdom and prudence of years, with the generosity and benevolence of youth? How amiable, how happy is the evening of Atticus's well-spent life! In the meridian of his days he exerted his active powers in a useful and upright course of action. He is now gracefully retired from the gay and the busy scene, to the peaceful shade of a wise and learned, yet benevolent and social privacy; there with sublime satisfaction he contemplates a life sacred to virtue and humanity. He laments some few errors into which he was betrayed by inexperience, and the impetuosity of youthful passion; though indeed they only served to attach him more deeply to wisdom and virtue, by shewing him that their slightest deviations are to an ingenuous mind, attended with anguish and regret. He rejoices that he is no longer subject to such temptations, and reviews the paths he has trod, with the satisfaction of a traveller escaped from a dangerous perplexing journey. He has cultivated Science and the Muses, not only to contribute to his honour and usefulness in the world, but to reap the fruits of them (as he now does) in the vale of years. Atticus devotes a great part of the leisure he enjoys, to

the sublime exercises of Devotion, and the pleasing offices of beneficence and domestic love. He carefully guards against petulance and caprice, gloom and severity. He is blest with an offspring, that promise to perpetuate his virtues when he is no more. And his most delightful employment, is to assist them in the pursuits of knowledge, and train them up to every moral excellence.

## REFLECTIONS

*Upon the Day called in the Christian Calendar*

### GOOD - FRIDAY.

THIS is the awful, the tremendous day, on which the great Author of our Redemption with his precious blood, purchased Salvation for a guilty race: he suffered the most excruciating pangs to obtain for us the most transporting enjoyments; he endured an ignominious death to exalt us to a glorious immortality;

“ Heaven wept that man might smile,  
Heaven bled that man might *never* die.”

What heart but glows at thoughts like these? Those bosoms must be cold and languid indeed, which are not warmed with the consideration of that all-surpassing love displayed in our Redemption. They must be destitute of every feeling of humanity, who are not moved with the inexpressibly pathetic descriptions which the

sacred writers give us of the sufferings of our blessed Lord : surely, if we reflect those sufferings were for our sakes, they claim a double portion of grief and compassion. Entertain, oh my soul, a just sense of the transcendant goodness of thy Maker, in sending his beloved Son to secure to thee, by his death, (if thou art not wanting to thyself,) an immortal felicity. Think how great will be thy guilt, if thou abusest the inestimable advantages derived to thee from the Saviour of mankind. What canst thou justly plead in thy excuse at the awful tribunal of God, if (after being illuminated with the divine light of the Gospel, and fully convinced of the truth of the Christian doctrine,) the deceitful allurements and fleeting enjoyments of this transitory world, should make thee unmindful of what thy Redeemer taught, and alienate thy affections from the Fountain of all good.

Contemplate frequently on the dread catastrophe of this day, till thou glowest with gratitude for the astonishing benefit conferred upon thee, and art resolved to make all the returns, thy limited abilities will permit. Endeavour as much as thou canst, to copy the bright pattern of goodness which Jesus so illustriously exhibited. Difficult as it is, strive to imitate his diffusive benevolence,

lence, uncircumscribed by any narrow distinctions ; his spotless purity of manners, amiable meekness, and (that hardest but most divine duty which Christianity enforces) his forgiveness of injuries, gloriously manifested this day. Let his matchless precepts be engraved on thy heart, and, oh may the genuine Christian breathe through the whole tenor of thy life and actions ! Ever avoid the too common error of confiding in thy own strength, and vainly attributing thy merits to thyself. Fail not daily to implore the divine grace, and acknowledge its salutary aid : forget not, without that unfailing support, the slightest accident may bring the frail fabrick of human resolution to the ground. Whatever excellencies thou dost possess, whatever laudable actions thou dost perform, destroy them not with pride and arrogance, but ascribe them to the original, eternal source of all Perfection.—Such, oh my soul, be thy conduct upon earth, and when thou hast finished thy course, mayest thou joyfully spring forth to receive the crown of immortality due to thy virtues.

## A DESCRIPTION

OF A

## LEARNED LADY.

CLASSICA, is what the world calls a learned woman, that is to say, she has read a great many authors, and the knowledge she has acquired from them, has only served to render her conceitedly vain and arrogant. Her whole behaviour seems to imply a consciousness of her own mental abilities, and a supercilious contempt of others. In company she is so tenacious of her opinion, and so prepossessed in favor of her own judgment, that the clearest arguments have no weight with her, when contradictory to her sentiments. The advantages of literature have been so far from enlarging her mind, that they have rather contracted it, for by her intolerable self-conceit, she is incapable of paying the just regard to, or even of distinguishing excellence ; and though she

is

is blind to the greatest of her own imperfections, she cannot excuse the smallest frailties in another. She is ostentatiously fond of confounding people with her learning, and endeavours to display her profound erudition, by far fetched obscure expressions, which often make her conversation unintelligible. A smattering knowledge of Greek and Latin, gives the finishing stroke to the pedantry of this lady, for she is continually quoting the ancients, and by her misapplication of them, renders herself equally contemptible and ridiculous. The domestic duties of life appear too trifling for her exalted genius ; so that she neglects the practice of those virtues which place womankind in the most amiable point of view, and by her abuse of learning, becomes incapable of shining in any sphere. How different from this character is that of Sophronia ! she possesses a cultivated polished understanding, and that liberal elegance of thinking, which proceeds from a mind adorned and enlightened by knowledge. Though she is perfectly acquainted with the best authors of all ages, she makes no parade of her large share of learning, but employs it to the most noble and valuable purposes. Instead of regarding others with contempt for being more ignorant than herself, she shews a generous condescension to their weakness,



weakness, and if she endeavours to give them information, does it with such humility and complacency, as give double force and beauty to her wisdom. She never expects to find humanity perfect, but looks with a generous compassion upon those frailties she knows none are exempt from. She has a soul unfettered by vanity, folly, and every trifling conception, and while she rises above the generality of women with an amiable superiority, seems herself unconscious of it. There are some people of talents, who take every occasion to prove their brilliancy of parts; but this lady is so far from exerting all her abilities to excel in company, that she would rather give others an opportunity of shining, by conversing upon such subjects as they are best acquainted with; and since she is totally free from those vulgar prejudices which render us so bigotted to our own manner of thinking, as to imagine none can be right but ourselves, she is not fond of vain disputation. She is skilled in the more soft and elegant accomplishments, and behaves with that genuine politeness which flows from the understanding and the heart. Her language is pure, delicate, and unaffected, and her sentiments beautiful, sublime, and just. She ever avoids singularity, except in those things which her reason and judgment apparently condemn; then indeed she

she can despise the world's censures, and is not meanly afraid of acting right. From the judicious reflections she can make, and the knowledge she can gain by listening to the conversation of others, she chuses often rather to sit silent than display the elegance and dignity of her own mind. But, when she speaks, every sensible person is charmed with the justness of her thoughts, and graceful propriety of her speech. In a word, she unites true learning and manly strength of understanding, to feminine purity and delicacy of manners.

A CONVERSATION PIECE :

BETWEEN

CAMILLUS & EMILIA,

UPON FAME.

*An admirable lesson to the modern Gauls, and their  
tyrannick Usurper Napoleon the First.*

CAMILLUS. Well, Emilia, what book are you perusing with such attention? If I may presume to be the interpreter of your countenance, you are greatly pleased with it.

Em. I have got Plutarch's lives, and am reading the life of Alexander, as you suppose too, I am highly delighted : what a noble, surprising man he was ! well might he be styled *Great*, and complimented as the son of Jove.

Cam. Pardon me, madam, if I differ from you in opinion, and declare myself far from regarding Alexander in so exalted a light. I am sensible there is a splendor

dor

dor in conquests, which has too much dazzled the eyes of men, and prevented their properly estimating the real merit of actions. Let us view the victories of *your* mighty conqueror with the penetrating eye of reason, and strip them of the specious glare which surrounds them, then his glory will be converted into infamy, and the wreath of false honour which encircled his brow, will lose all its fading colours.

Em. I thought Alexander was universally admired as the greatest hero the world ever saw; and I think you cannot deny that he displayed shining proofs of the most sublime virtues; witness his generous treatment of the widow and family of Darius, his noble behaviour to Philip, his physician, when accused of having conspired with that monarch to poison him: indeed I shall always admire the Godlike man.

Cam. *Godlike* did you say, madam? That considered in the *true* sense of the word, is an epithet indeed, which has often been bestowed upon *conquerors*, but with great *impropriety*. The gracious Parent of the universe is Beneficence itself; his mercies are extended over all his works; he delights not in destruction, but with a divine benignity, continually endeavours to promote the good and felicity of his creatures. How then can a hero, who  
ravaged

ravaged the globe to gratify his own boundless ambition, and lavished the blood of thousands to crown himself with laurels, how, I say, can such a destructive being, be compared with the bounteous Bestower, and great Preserver of all ?

I allow those instances you produce of Alexander's generosity were *truly great*, to which some others might be added : but still they were by no means sufficient to counterbalance his *detestable vices*, and particularly, his cruel tyranny.

Em. I should be glad to know your sentiments of greatness, and what may properly be allowed to constitute it.

Cam. You must acknowledge, madam, that true greatness is not seated in rank, power, or any external distinctions. If a man is vicious in his actions, mean and contracted in his sentiments, what can dignify him ?

“ Not all the blood of all the Howards.”

Nor does true greatness attend upon victories and conquests ; in my humble opinion, it is rarely the companion of those splendid achievements which attract the notice and admiration of mankind : it can only flow from genuine exalted goodness, the brightest ornament and noblest distinction

distinction of humanity. It is certain that the truly good are ever enemies to ostentation : they practise their serene virtues with modest secrecy, without courting human honour and applause : they love

“ Along the cool sequestered vale of life

To keep the noiseless tenor of their way.”

You are not acquainted with my friend Atticus, who so perfectly answers my description, and is, I think, a character greatly superior to most of your celebrated heroes of antiquity.

Em. You will oblige me, Camillus, in giving me a more particular account of the disposition and conduct of the man you so highly esteem.

Cam. You impose a pleasing task upon me, in desiring me to paint the virtues of my excellent friend. He is a man of genuine piety, and consequently well regulated passions. His soul is uncommonly generous, humane, and feeling ; he possesses a genteel though not a splendid fortune, which, conducted with economy, (the true source of liberality,) enables him to gratify his benevolent inclinations. He contracts the circle of his own expences, that he may enlarge that of his beneficence. It is the greatest pleasure of his life to diffuse happiness on all around him ; to relieve the indigent, encourage  
the

the industrious, and comfort the afflicted. You cannot confer a greater obligation upon Atticus, than to furnish him with an opportunity of cherishing an unfortunate, or assisting a worthy man; and he always bestows his bounties in the most engaging manner, with a tenderness and complacency peculiar to himself. He also, with a truly evangelical spirit, endeavours to promote peace and concord wherever he comes. Yet I may venture to say, my incomparable friend is ever actuated by nobler motives than a desire of worldly applause; for I know that his acts of beneficence are performed without noise and ostentation. He already reaps his reward; conscious goodness, and the pleasing expectation of a happy immortality, spread a continual sunshine through his mind, and his every word and action proclaim the serenity within. Such is the worthy and respectable Atticus, whom the poor love and reverence as they would some beneficent angel. Every eye glitters to behold Atticus, every mouth dwells with rapture on his name, and eagerly pronounces his heart-felt praises. Now tell me, Emilia, does not Atticus surpass your favourite Macedonian? Is he not more truly noble than those boasted heroes, who seem born only to scourge and torment the world? Does *he* not more  
nearly

nearly resemble the most benevolent of Beings, and may *he* not with greater propriety be styled the *Godlike* man ?

Em. Indeed I own it, and feel the force of so exalted and amiable a character. I find it is your opinion that there have been more truly illustrious men in the private, than the public walks of life ; more that have flourished in the shade, than who have been surrounded with the blaze of glory. I suppose the greatest part of those who shine in the records of fame, stand but low in your estimation.

Cam. There are some distinguished in the book of renown, whom I truly honor and revere, and there are others for whom I entertain the utmost contempt, since they seem to have been stimulated by *ambition only*, to the performance of those actions which drew upon them the admiration of the world. Such were I think, in general, the Romans, whose boasted virtues are, in my mind, little better than splendid vices. What was their admired patriotism but vain glory concealed under that specious mask ? Ambition was the ruling principle in almost every Roman breast ; and this fond desire of glory, spurred them on to the achievement of those

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conquests



conquests in which they so grossly violated all the laws of justice and humanity. I shudder when I think of the dreadful havock made by these tyrants of the world, to indulge their own inordinate thirst of sway ! *Plunder, slaughter, and devastation* were the means by which Rome reached that dazzling height of greatness she attained, so that *her sons* may without injustice be styled *celebrated robbers, and distinguished ruffians*.

Em. Nay, Camillus, you go too far in thus villifying a people who have been so justly admired for their many illustrious virtues. How estimable was their ardent affection for their country, notwithstanding what you have been pleased to say to the contrary ! How admirable their magnanimity of soul, and heroic valour, their unshaken fortitude and perseverance, their delicate fear of shame, and generous love of glory ! Though it seems not so perfectly in character with the female mind, to admire that high strain of rigid virtue which distinguished the Romans, yet I own it inspires *me* with reverence, that they were capable of overcoming the more tender feelings of the heart, when they interfered with the nobler passions. Reflect, Camillus, on the many shining worthies Rome produced. Do you

not admire Junius Brutus, who sacrificed his sons to impartial justice ; and the upright Regulus, whose sacred regard for truth was such, that he exposed himself to all the tortures an enraged people could inflict, rather than violate his word ? You must acknowledge Camillus, that the genuine flame of patriotism warmed the breasts of the Decii, and the bosom of the second Brutus, who would not suffer any private attachment to prevail with him over the consideration of the general good, and performed a harder task than the Decii ; as they only devoted *themselves* to death. I doubt not but you reverence the patriotic Cato, who, after he had bravely struggled in defence of Roman liberty, (agreeably to Heathen virtue,) would not survive its destruction. What a fine pattern of every manly virtue and accomplishment was the younger Scipio Africanus ! I am so charmed with his amiable character, that he is my favourite hero. Even the women seemed to partake of that grandeur of soul which so eminently distinguished the men : Lucretia, Cornelia, Porcia, must for ever be considered as an honour to the country in which they flourished.

Cam. Far be it from me to censure all the noble individuals Rome produced. I only argue, that the Ro-

mans in general were more actuated by the principles of vain glory, than by more elevated motives. It has been said, that pride was the basis of the Heathen virtues, and I think there appears to be great truth in the observation. Will you permit me to quote one memorable instance from your sex? The famous Lucretia, so celebrated for her chastity and magnanimity, seems to have preferred the shadow of virtue to the substance. Though she braved the fear of death rather than relinquish her honour, yet when the abandoned Tarquin threatened to brand her name with infamy, she was not proof against this dreadful menace: unable to support the thought of being for ever regarded in an ignominious light, when removed from the possibility of vindicating herself, she parted from her chastity, rather than suffer so terrible a forfeiture of reputation.

Em. Methinks, Camillus, you are determined to derogate from the merit of every one, who has been admired and celebrated. Even the divine Lucretia, who has been considered as a paragon of virtue, cannot escape your censure. The high sense she entertained of purity and innocence, was sufficiently proved by her heroic exit: when with an intrepidity, which seldom dwells in a female

male breast, she set an example to her sex in all succeeding ages, of the sacred regard they should pay to chastity, not being able to outlive the violation of her's.

Cam. I could produce other instances to prove how much the wisest and most virtuous among the Heathens (but especially the Romans) were influenced by a desire of fame: one particular instance I will mention, which is taken notice of in the Spectator. The immortal Cicero, that illustrious pattern of uncommon literary talents, and moral conduct united, desired one, who was writing the history of his own times, to be very particular in the account of *his consulship*, and in the encomiums he bestowed on him, to say more than even *truth* would allow of. There is great reason to believe renown was the ruling passion of the most celebrated of every sect; that the haughty stoic, the snarling cynic, the voluptuous epicurean, all courted the delusive phantom; this, I doubt not, in a great measure, gave rise to the struggles of Cato for expiring freedom, the affected poverty of Diogenes, and the splendid actions of Cæsar.

Em. What you say is very true; for the desire of glory is a natural principle, and if properly directed a *noble* one: take away that, and I am apt to think you will destroy half, nay, perhaps a much larger portion of the merit  
that

that is to be found in the world. This passion for fame generally prevails most strongly in the minds of those, who possess the finest talents, and most enlarged sentiments; it was not peculiar to the Heathens, but is I believe almost as often to be met with in the bosoms of Christians; and I hope you will not deem me uncharitable in supposing, it frequently in some degree gives birth to their most laudable actions.

Cam. The laudable actions of genuine Christians, can never, I think, flow from such a source; since to practise virtue for the sake of *mortal* applause is repugnant to the true genius of Christianity, which instructs us to seek only the approbation of Him “who seeth in secret, and shall reward us openly.” What a glorious incentive is this, Emilia, to the practice of private goodness! An incentive the Pagans were strangers to. We cannot so severely censure *them* for making human glory the ultimate end of their actions, (as it is highly probable they did) since *they* were uncertain with respect to a future reward. But it is certainly condemnable in those, who are enlightened with the religion of Jesus, that enemy to vanity and ostentation, which sets the noble prospect of immortal happiness before us, and bids us obtain it, not  
by

by such shining acts, as procure the admiration of short-sighted mortals ; but by inward purity and holiness, meekness and humility, serene beneficence, with all those silent virtues which compose genuine worth.

Em. You seem, Camillus, a little too refined in your notions of virtue. The desire of applause is so natural to the human mind, that I believe it is to be found more or less in every breast, or at least, that the most abject bosoms alone are exempt from it : it has been observed, you know, that we only despise praise, when we cease to deserve it. Even you, who argue so warmly against the love of praise, have, I doubt not, often felt the animating influence of this universal passion. Our primary, ultimate end should doubtless be the approbation of Heaven, and our own heart ; but may not a desire of standing high in the estimation of our fellow mortals, by the practice of what is truly excellent be our secondary aim, without interfering with the first ?

Cam. It appears to me, if we perform an action, *laudable in itself*, from any view of obtaining the praises of men, it derogates so far from its real merit, that it will not be crowned with unmixed applause by the faithful monitor within, who always approves or condemns in  
concurrency

concurrence with that Being whose vicegerent she is. Contemplate, Emilia, the great Founder of the Christian system ; consider his humble unambitious conduct, how little he regarded the applauses of mortals, as you will find in various instances. How did he inculcate a noble disregard of human praise, (a virtue till then unknown) when he commanded his followers to perform their acts of charity and devotion in secret, as for example, “Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father, which is in Heaven,” then again, “And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are ; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, verily I say unto you, they have their reward.” Thus our Divine Lord tells us in the strongest and most expressive terms, that if in our good actions we are influenced by the desire of worldly approbation, that is all the recompence we must expect from them, for we shall have no reward of our Father which is in Heaven ; an alarming assurance indeed ! But can you figure to yourself any thing more noble, than the character of a genuine Christian, who, with views exalted above the transient  
applause

applause and shadowy glory, which are derived from sublunary beings, moves on in the paths of rectitude and goodness, with silent dignity ; satisfied with his own inward feelings, and the consciousness of the favour of that Being, who has unerring wisdom to discern worth, and has in the highest degree a will, and a capacity to reward it ! *This is indeed, the truly great man, who adorns, and ennobles human nature !*

Em. By the force of *religious truth* you have now convinced me, Camillus, that the *love of fame* is mean, in comparison with the *contempt of it*.



## A LETTER

TO A FRIEND.

YOU and I, my Caroline, have often mentioned with pity, those giddy unthinking creatures, who, having no taste for moral and intellectual enjoyments, and destitute of every finer relish, are perpetually endeavouring to lose themselves in the tumultuous scenes of modern dissipation. Their case, my friend, is indeed truly pitiable, since, unmindful of the noble ends of their creation, they treat time, that inestimable jewel, like an insignificant bauble, foolishly throwing it away upon every idle amusement or frivolous pursuit, and incapacitate themselves from fulfilling either the religious or social duties. How can they contemplate on their divine Creator, or pay him the proper tribute of praise and adoration, when solitude is regarded as their greatest enemy,

enemy, while an unbounded fondness for pleasure, absorbs all the faculties and affections of their souls? How can they practise any acts of benevolence, relieve the indigent, succour the friendless, comfort the afflicted, when both their time and fortunes are squandered upon dress, cards, and every light expensive entertainment? What strangers are your followers of dissipation to all the sweet heart-felt pleasures of domestic life, and the rational delights which flow from sincere regard. Friendship is not a plant that flourishes in the fashionable world: it rather blooms in the tranquil shades of retirement, remote from that destructive region of polite insincerity. Your modish people, my Caroline, may be truly said to be

“ ——— e’en desolate in crowds,”

For, with all the promiscuous numbers with which they are surrounded, there can be nothing but odious dissimulation and restraint; there can be no agreeable mixture of minds, no free communication of the heart, and without these, what is society, but the worst species of solitude? Besides, what a contemptible figure in general, do the votaries of fashion and pleasure make in the decline of life! What a joyless exist-

ence is then their portion ! In the gay, brilliant season  
 of youth, when the imagination is warm, and the spirits  
 lively, things wear a very different aspect from what they  
 must do, in the gloomy, dispassioned days of age. In  
 the latter period, when worldly amusements charm no  
 more, when all the sources of mortal pleasure are ex-  
 hausted, what can diffuse any comfort or satisfaction  
 through the mind, but the calm consciousness of a life  
 well spent ? Happy then, thrice happy, they, who early  
 live up to the dignity of their nature, who tread the silent  
 paths of wisdom, piety and benevolence, and make the  
 refined delights of genuine friendship their own ! By  
 this means they taste the God-like satisfaction of doing  
 good, and enjoy the delightful consciousness of the di-  
 vine approbation. They meet with real love and defe-  
 rence from their fellow creatures, and treasure up for  
 themselves a fund of joy and consolation to gild the even-  
 ing of life. If they reach the vale of years, they enjoy  
 the noblest retrospective views, and the necessary con-  
 sequence of them, the animating prospect of a happy  
 immortality : Thus they glide gently into the grave,  
 sincerely lamented by numbers to whose welfare and  
 happiness their useful lives had contributed, and their  
 memories are revered by the good and worthy.

Whilst

Whilst on the contrary, those fluttering insects who bask for a short time in the sunshine of pleasure, die unlamented, unregarded.

“ ——— They flutter on

“ From toy to toy, from vanity to vice,

“ Till blown away by death, oblivion comes

“ Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.”

THOMSON.

That this may never be our case, my dear friend, is my hearty prayer, and I am sure you concur with me in it. I am, my ever amiable Caroline,

Your's, with the tenderest affection,

E. MILNES.

*The four following Letters of Mr. Day, were found by the Editor, amongst some of Mr. D's Manuscript Papers, since the printing off his Prose, therefore, that circumstance, it is hoped, will be deemed a sufficient apology for publishing them in this part of the Book.*

## LETTER I.

THE foundation of civil government, say some writers, is the security afforded by the Legislators to the people in return for its obedience. Without this authority exercised by one party and submitted to by the other, no society could long exist, no property be secured, and mutual violence, by depriving mankind of all the advantages for which they are assembled, would soon drive them back to woods and caves. While this claim is confined to that voluntary obedience, which every nation will for its own advantage pay to its Magistrates; while it is nothing more than the *wills* of the *society itself*, enacting general rules, to repress the irregular passions and attempts of individuals; and while the guardians of the public security, assume no independent

dent rights, or authority, I see no reason to oppose this particular system. In this case, it is no more than the natural and limited obedience which every man of common sense practises, for his own emolument, upon a thousand different occasions. It is the deference which the sick man observes towards his physician, the traveller to his guide, and the mariner to his pilot.

But not contented with this natural and obvious explanation, there are many who would establish every species of tyranny and oppression, upon these uncontrollable principles. To do this, they imitate certain divines, who allow the evidence of revelation to be derived from reason; yet require you should admit what they tell you are its doctrines, without reflection or examination; as if the understanding could, according to Mr. Hume's system, subvert itself, or an edifice be more strong and durable than its foundation. In like manner these political enthusiasts allow, in compliance with the common sense and feelings of mankind, *that the happiness of society is the end of all government, and its security the origin of all delegated power*: yet is humanity no gainer by the concession, since its interests are to be only the pretence and not the measure of authority. Their idol is, indeed, divested of some part of its terrors,

yet its admission is equally dangerous to the rights and liberties of mankind,

——“ Scandit fatalis machina muros,

Fœta armis, mediæque minans illabitur urbi.”

But if we examine ever so lightly the nature of human society, we shall be convinced, that nothing is more false and presumptuous, than the pretences of any body of men to bestow safety upon the rest. To support this claim, it would be necessary that they should exclusively possess strength, prudence, and exertion: that they should subdue the elements by their labour, repel the attacks of hostile invasion, by their fortitude, and by their wisdom procure for their fellow creatures every domestic blessing. Unfortunately for the interests of human nature, no such distinguished class of beings has ever yet appeared. Even the *best* government can effect nothing without the assistance of the people. The most legal and enlightened rulers can pretend to no greater praise, than that of properly directing the forces of the state; an arduous and tremendous task, not lightly to be attempted, nor easily effected; which properly executed, entitles them to the highest honors, and negligently or fraudulently discharged, ought to subject them to the

severest



severest penalties;—

“Ostende ullam vel naturæ, vel naturalis justitiæ regulam, qua oporteat reos minores puniri, reges, et maiorum omnium principes, impunitos esse.”

But let us allow, what will, I am sure, without any difficulty be proved, that government of some particular kind is necessary to the happiness of the species. What can be inferred from this? Nothing more, than that it is of the highest importance for mankind to take such measures as may ensure a succession of wise and honest governors. The necessity of government can no more imply the necessity of blind, unconditional obedience, than the necessity of sustenance or health can oblige men to submit to be starved or poisoned, as often as farmers shall chuse to withhold their grain, or apothecaries to adulterate their medicines.

Laws are no more than certain general rules of conduct, which experience has proved to be necessary to the general safety; the wise and virtuous practise them, from motives of honor, and a conviction of their utility; the foolish and vicious must be bended to compliance, by a proper and legal compulsion; magistrates, of whatever name and title, are a body of men, instituted for

the



the purpose alone of demanding an universal observance of what the common will has established, by the powers which the common consent has entrusted to them. In this view of things, which is the only just one, it will appear evident, that every government is a means only of acquiring certain advantages, which cannot be attained without it, that it is always subordinate and relative to the great object of its institution, the good of the nation which submits to it; that this submission is a voluntary, limited, modified resignation of natural right; and that consequently no magistrate can pretend to an independent existence or authority without betraying his trust, and being guilty of the most audacious treason and rebellion against the *Majesty of the People*.

If the actual situation of most countries furnishes a picture very different from what I have been drawing; if violence and fraud have gradually silenced or blinded mankind, to the first principles of their nature: if the people is every where trampled upon, insulted and villified, while their oppressors pretend to derive honour from its debasement, and glory from their own crimes; if prejudice and superstition have filled up the measure of degradation, by persuading men, that a being bounded, contemptible, and perishable like themselves, has an  
inherent

inherent right to whatever is most necessary or most dear to the human race ; that he can create distinctions where nature has made none ; or invert the most striking she has ordained, by transferring homage and esteem from the wise, the valiant, and the humane, to dastards, fools and tyrants ; these and a thousand other crimes and horrors can never alter the relation of things, sanctify oppression, or convert the blackest abuses of lawless power into a legal claim.

## LETTER II.

I SHOULD have imagined that the gradual improvement the human understanding has been making, during the last century, would have so clearly led all mankind to the first principles of morals and politics, that we should in this enlightened age have seen no more controversies about their origin, than we do about the definitions of geometry; did not continual experience convince me of the difference between sciences which are merely speculative, and those which exercise the interest and ambition of mankind. But I fear that while one part of the nation shall be intent upon extending its claims and authority, the other too ignorant or too corrupted to oppose them, we shall never be without men who will prostitute their talents to the meanest purposes of encroaching power, and wage a desperate war with the clearest deductions of reason. Could any one who was not versed in the doctrines of our modern politicians have discovered a more uncontrovertible principle

ciple than this, "*that the end of every human government, and institution, is the good and safety of the people, not the interest of individuals, pursued at the expence of the general welfare?*" Yet in how many different manners has this eternal truth been attacked and obscured ! While the understandings of mankind were benumbed by the remains of popish superstition, that most formidable enemy to human reason and happiness, we saw despotism defended upon a few texts of scriptures ill understood or partially quoted. Because Christians were in the infancy of Christianity, exhorted to turn their attention to their spiritual rather than their temporal concerns ; because the professors of a sect in direct opposition to the established worship and government, were counselled to avoid every occasion of giving jealousy to their rulers, and drawing persecution upon themselves, it was logically concluded that all Christian people were bound to resign their lives, their fortunes and their understandings into the hands of every hereditary tyrant or fortunate usurper to whose caprices chance should expose it. Luckily, however, the revolution intervened, a precedent, as Judge Blackstone gravely observes, of a very singular nature, which has rescued us from the claims of hereditary domination, and made the most impudent defenders of arbitrary power a little cautious

cautious of asserting the divine right of Kings. But as the passions and nature of men are pretty similar, there are certain general principles of conduct which most orders of men arrive at in corresponding circumstances. Should I affirm, that it has been the spirit of the clergy in every age, to fetter the understandings of the multitude, and while they have no other nominal design than the glory of the Deity, to receive all homage and sacrifice in his name, shall I assert any thing repugnant to fact? Should I insinuate that the body of lawyers has always been more intent upon preserving particular unintelligible forms, whose explanation rendered its assistance necessary, than upon the advancement of universal justice, shall I fear an information as a libeller? Should I assert that upon *whatever pretexts, or with whatever motives standing armies have been introduced into free countries, never in a single instance, have they failed of becoming engines in the hands of tyrants*, shall I be accused of any disrespect to our present patriotic legions, who are so forcibly pleading the *cause of liberty*, against those wicked Americans who have taken up arms to destroy it? I know indeed that a *King* can do no wrong; and I know that our present Ministers are too *wise and too virtuous* to attempt it; but should I say that Ministers have formerly existed, who turning their  
power

power into the means of oppression, have endeavoured to exalt prerogative upon the ruins of public freedom, and to corrupt the representatives of the people with treasures derived from its own labours ; that not contented with this, they have had the insolence to believe the nation as foolish as it was indolent, and to be duped out of its just pretensions, by arguments as weak as they are infamous, I believe the memory of most men will convince them I do not mistake.

It is curious to remark the arts and industry with which these contemptible enemies of their country, repelled as often as they are resisted, and confuted as often as written against, return to the charge. It would seem strange that men who have reasoned upon every other supposition, and advanced every other system, except the truth, should not sometimes be right, if it were only by chance, or for the sake of variety ; did we not know that they do that by design, which bad archers do by accident, lodge their arrows every where but in the mark. How else could any man be the dupe of the wretched quibbles, for I will not call them arguments, which are retailed by ministerial sycophants, against the common rights of the species, and the particular claims of their country ? how else would they dare to advance principles

principles which, like the mountains hurled against the gods, recoil back upon themselves, and mingle their own systems with the dust ?

As soon as the superstitious rubbish, heaped by successive ages of monastic dulness, upon the head of truth, had been removed ; as soon as our rulers chose to make the same alteration in the designs of heaven, which they had done in the government of the earth, and had learned a new method of expounding the Scriptures, when the old one was no longer favorable to their purpose ; new principles were devised, a new origin of society invented, and a new fabrick of oppression reared upon the ruins of the old. The people found that if the succession was altered, it implied no necessary change of measures, that the love of power might be the same in their deliverers, as it had been in those who made that deliverance necessary, and though it had been declared treason to entertain certain speculative principles, which it was before treason not to be convinced of, no stigma of infamy or punishment was annexed to crimes committed against the majesty of the people, or to the most impudent attempts to rob them of their indisputable rights.



## LETTER III.

MR. HUME, whose abilities I respect, as much as I sometimes pity the misapplication of them, has enumerated the *right of conquest* as a foundation of legal government among mankind. I wonder, I confess, so accurate a writer should have stopped half way in the enumeration, and omitted those other rights of equally respectable origin, the right of *robbery, plunder, and assassination*. Perhaps so acute a logician thought it unnecessary to descend to particulars, and was persuaded that no one could mistake in the application of his principles ; *captâ urbe nihil fit reliqui victis* : since power to oppress necessarily implies the right to do it, all inferior violences are so many gracious acts of mercy and benevolence ; and whoever, when he might destroy, contents himself with the gallantries of a rape, or the emoluments of servitude, is no bandit or tyrant, but the friend of human nature, and a second Titus.—



But to what purpose has he taken so much pains, in establishing the principles of morals upon their best and surest basis, the constitution of our nature ? Why has he deviated from the selfish systems of his Parisian friends, and allowed that virtue is something congenial to our existence, if he leaves a secret source of corruption, whose baneful waters can never fail to diffuse ruin and misery among the species ? Can he be ignorant, that this one principle alone is more destructive than all the false reasonings, or arrogant pretensions, which have ever disgraced the writings of philosophers and divines ; and that, like the stone which Cadmus hurled among his new-born soldiers, it can never leave the earth in peace, while there are two individuals remaining upon the face of it ? Is there a single act of secret cruelty or open violence which may not be justified by such an argument ? Is there a single traitor, rebel, or usurper, who may not hope to enlist heaven and philosophy in his defence, when that act which is the completion of his crimes becomes their vindication, and an enterprise, which when undertaken, was execrable and flagitious, may by success acquire the colour of virtue, and the rights of justice ? But this extraordinary doctrine is no less formidable to the victor than fatal to the vanquished. For if Cæsar had by conquest a right to oppress  
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the liberties of his country, the dagger which sprinkled the statue of Pompey with Cæsar's blood, transferred his claim to dominion, and devolved the right of empire upon the conspirators : The *martyred* Charles himself had no reason to complain of his rebellious subjects, but questioned the authority of a court to which, upon the principles of his historian and panegyrist, he ought implicitly to have submitted ; heaven had annulled his title when it declared against him at Marston Moor ; he was unfortunate, but not injured, and Cromwell was ambitious, but no usurper.

Yet so childishly vain and inconsistent are human beings, that most kings have chosen rather to found their authority upon the power of oppression than the voluntary submission of their subjects ; as if it were more glorious to trample upon than protect mankind, more eligible to rule by violence than by love, and more safe to be the tyrant than the father of a people. When Kouli-Kan was leading his victorious army through the ravaged provinces of India, a Bramin met him, and with the intrepidity which virtue inspires, thus accosted him : If thou art a man, learn to compassionate the sufferings of thy fellow-creatures ; if thou art a King, protect and spare thy subjects ; or if thou art a prophet, inspired by heaven, enlighten our minds and guide us to the truth.

To this the tyrant replied, I am no man that I should pity, nor king that I should protect, nor prophet that I should instruct, but I am he that heaven raises up in its vengeance to chastise the sins of the world. The Persian conqueror was not singular in his sentiments; and the history of royalty is the satire of human nature. Wherever men have been entrusted with an unlimited power, they have never failed to abuse it; pride, which increases in proportion to the homage it receives, ignorance, and sensuality, give them the idea they are a superior order of beings, and fill them with absurd notions of their high dignity and importance. Whatever have been the civil or military talents of the first Monarchs, their descendants, have ceased to be either wise or brave, as soon as their subjects were sufficiently bended to the yoke, and accustomed to admit the claim without insisting upon the conditions.

What a picture does the greater part of the universe actually exhibit? Even the most cultivated and enlightened nations seem to have overlooked, or forgotten, the first principles which providence itself inculcates. Nature, liberal to all her creatures, but profuse to man, has in vain surrounded him with an inexhaustible variety  
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of blessings: in vain is he permitted to make the elements subservient to his purpose, and assemble in one scanty spot the products of the universe. Tyranny, more fatal to the species than the united rage of all its other enemies, interposes, and scares the wretch from the reward his labours have so well deserved. Here an effeminate oppressor, in the midst of concubines and eunuchs asserts his claim of being Vice-gerent to Omnipotence, and consumes, within the walls of his seraglio, what would supply the necessities of a people. *There, a Christian conqueror extirpates mankind to the sound of hymns and hosannas, while a croud of priests and missionaries anathematize all his enemies, and bless the sword which he is drawing for the destruction of half the species.*

—————*Crudelis ubique*

*Luctus ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.*

Yet all these scenes of misery and ruin, of insolent oppression, and abject resignation, are justifiable, if we admit for a moment, that *power* can be the origin of *right*. This baneful system not only pleads the apology of every crime, which has hitherto saddened the prospect of humanity, but tears from the breast, which mourns in secret over the misfortunes of its fellow-creatures

tures, the consolation of hope, and the expectation of happier times.

But if it is destined, by the inexplicable wisdom of Providence, that no climate shall be sacred from tyranny; if arts and civilization, in their progress round the globe, have a natural tendency to debase the minds of the many, while they enlighten the understandings of the few, the term of political duration is at least no more fixed than the period of natural existence. Wisdom and courage may extend the date of freedom, as much as ignorance and pusillanimity may abridge it. But in order to defend our rights it is necessary that we should understand their origin, and comprehend their extent. The first honours belong indeed to the citizen whose successful valour opposes oppression in the field, and represses its encroachments; but neither is his merit small, who awakens his countrymen to the consideration of the most important questions, who exposes the artifices of sophistry, and defends from fraud and undermining the sacred fabric of human rights, and public liberty.

## LETTER IV.

ALL animals, that we are acquainted with, are compelled to the preservation and propagation of their respective species, by certain uniform and general impressions which we call instincts: and as the reasoning faculties of all creatures, except man, are extremely bounded, and their habits of life too simple to produce factitious passions, the sum of happiness and misery seems to be pretty nearly equal to all individuals of the same class, in every part of the globe, where it is uninterrupted by human cruelty and oppression. These general impulses, which direct the several kinds and individuals to good, as well as the fears and aversions, which preserve them from evil, are evidently implanted by the great Author of all existence, for beneficial purposes, and may be called *the laws of nature in respect to*

*every particular class of beings.* The end of each of these laws, as far as human observation may pretend to reach, is the preservation, propagation, and happiness of every distinct species ; nor can individuals deviate from any of them, which rarely happens, unless by violence, without incurring pains and inconveniencies they were not subject to in their natural state. When we compare the human species with those innumerable others which surround it, we shall find that it agrees with them in the first great principles of nature, the dread of disagreeable, and the love of agreeable sensations ; that it is exposed to the same infirmities and accidents, and that the great business of mankind is in common with all other animals, hunger, thirst, and love. The great distinction and prerogative, therefore, of the human race, do not arise from the ends which it pursues, but from the different faculties with which it advances towards them. The foresight of the wisest animal seems to extend a very little way beyond the present moment, and the experience of the longest life seems to make but little difference in its method of conducting itself. Man, on the contrary, however he may in some situations appear to stagnate, is in others continually improving his knowledge, increasing his enjoyments,

ments, and advancing by rapid strides towards perfection.

The method by which he does this, is by continually augmenting his experience, treasuring up the result in his memory, and acquiring a power of *self-direction*, by which he is enabled to sacrifice the present to the future. If we would form an idea of the effects and importance of these two qualities, we may conceive the following instances: Two men are thrown by shipwreck upon a desert island, and after having long endured the pangs of thirst, arrive at a fountain of wholesome water. The first, unaccustomed to restrain the present appetite, gratifies it with such avidity that he expires in agonies. The other, warned by his comrade's fate, assuages his thirst with such moderation, that his existence is preserved, and his health unimpaired. We may also conceive two persons afflicted with painful and dangerous diseases, of which the only cure is the amputation of a limb; the one of whom, incapable of bearing the pain of so violent an operation, dies in lingering agonies: the other, by possessing a superior fortitude, submits to the pain, and is rewarded by a recovery of health. Now in all these four, the desire of life and enjoyment must be supposed



supposed the same : the only difference consists, first in experience, which suggests the most probable means of success, and secondly, in the power of self direction, which enables a being to follow the dictates of his reason.

If we compare those two faculties together, which we name instinct and reason, we shall find, that when they are not perverted, they both conduct to the same end ; that the first is more bounded, but more invariable in its effects, arising from the scantiness of the materials upon which it is employed ; the other an instrument of wonderful and almost illimitable power, but subject to be abused in such a manner, as almost counterbalances its advantages. In the infancy of the human species, this faculty seems to be entirely dormant, at least its effects are not superior to what are produced by mere instinct. Not to quote the testimonies of ancient authors, who describe several tribes of savages as living together, without any ideas of property or policy, destitute of all the arts and conveniencies which civilized nations consider as necessary to life, and even unacquainted with the method of pronouncing articulate sounds : travellers of the greatest veracity have confirmed the existence of many nations, whose reasoning powers are very little, if at all, superior to the instinct of brutes. In this state of ignorance

norance and supineness, were a philosopher to consider the species, without any relation to the surprising progress it is capable of making, were he to lay aside every thing which revelation has taught, or reason conjectured about a future state, he would discover certain laws of nature, to which the human as well as every other kind of animal is subject. He would find that it held a determinate rank in the system of beings, and if he was not one of those modern philosophers, who discard intelligence from the number of productive causes, he would believe it created for a particular purpose, he would find it endowed with particular passions, some of which relate to self preservation, others to the propagation of the species, and others to the intercourse which must necessarily arise between beings of the same species. He would find a certain untaught morality which nature itself made necessary to society, even in its rudest state. For if it is a law of nature, that pain shall attend the laceration of the fibres, it is no less so, that danger, misery, and destruction shall ensue from encouraging the unsocial passions, and giving unbounded scope to anger, selfishness, and cruelty. If the rude hunter attempt to wrest the prey from the hands of his brother savage, will it be resigned without a contest as dangerous to the aggressor as to the injured ? If he strive to gratify his softer passions without the consent of his female, will

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he not have her resistance to encounter, her vengeance to elude, or her flight to prevent? Thus every hostile and oppressive disposition will produce a similar one in his fellow-creatures, and utility alone, without the concurrence of any other cause, would set bounds to the selfish passions, or else the species must be destroyed. From this one principle, therefore, may be deduced the origin of morality, and the foundation of every good government. There are therefore certain rules, by the observance of which the human race, even in its most savage state, must conduct itself, to arrive at the greatest degree of happiness; and on the contrary must sink into the greatest disorder and misery if it neglects them, these rules for want of a better expression, may be denominated the *laws of Nature*.

*FINIS.*













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